WHY BRITAIN WILL SURVIVE, By Ralph Waldo Emerson

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXIV No. 5 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

"DARWIN, MARX, WAGNER—CRITIQUE OF A HERITAGE"
By Jacques Barzun
Reviewed by Rubin Gotesky

"DARKNESS AT NOON"
By Arthur Koestler
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

"THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH"
A New Variorum Edition
Reviewed by William Allan Neilson

"RIVER OF RUINS"
By Louis J. Halle, Jr.
Reviewed by Carleton Beals

"WOMEN OF BRITAIN"
Letters from England
Reviewed by Phyllis Bentley

TYPOLOGIA
By Carl Purington Rollins

"JUNIOR MISS"
By Sally Benson
Reviewed by Gladys Graham Bates

ARTHUR KOESTLER's new book has about it an air of allegory . . . *(See page 7)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NOVEL, fairly boiling with drama, based on the incredible Moscow trials

DARKNESS AT NOON

By Arthur Koestler

"This is a superb achievement. It is required reading for anyone who may have read about the notorious Moscow trials, and gives us the first intelligent comment for the pragmatic reasons behind them. It is the kind of novel we have learned to expect from Chekhov or Gorki or Dostoevsky."—*Christopher Morley.*

All bookstores $2.00

A Book-of-the-Month Selection for June

I'LL SING ONE SONG

Willie Snow Ethridge

A completely charming, gaily written, yet moving portrait of a Kentucky family-life. Mrs. Ethridge takes the reader in as an intimate house guest and lets him enjoy, with her, the foibles and antics of her husband, children and pets, hunts, parties and picnics. $1.75

TADPOLE HALL

A NOVEL BY

Helen Ashton

"A novel of English manners and character that goes far beneath the surface and arrives somewhere near bedrock. It is written with fine, cool clarity, infinitely reassuring in a world so noisily eruptive as that of today." —*New York Times*

$2.50

The Macmillan Company, New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Why Britain Will Survive*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

MONTESQUIEU once said, "England is the freest country in the world. If a man in England had as many enemies as hairs on his head, no harm would come to him."

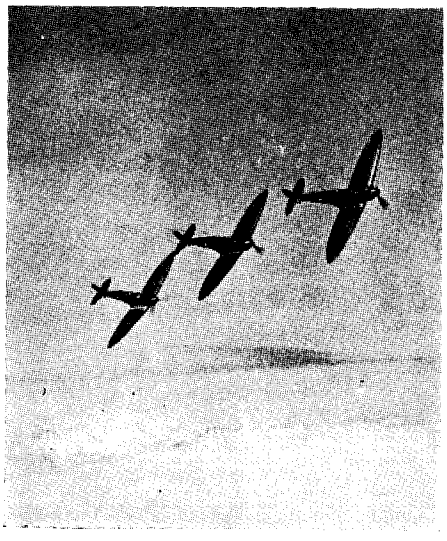
Into English logic an infusion of justice enters, not so apparent in other races—a belief in the existence of two sides, and the resolution to see fair play. There is on every question an appeal from the assertion of the parties to the proof of what is asserted. They kiss the dust before a fact. Is it a machine, is it a charter, is it a boxer in the ring, is it a candidate on the hustings—the universe of Englishmen will suspend their judgment until the trial can be had. They are not to be led by a phrase; they want a working plan, a working machine, a working constitution, and will sit out the trial and abide by the issue and reject all preconceived theories.

I happened to arrive in England at the moment of crisis. But it was evident that let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here a thousand years, and here will continue to sit. They will not break up, or arrive at any desperate revolution, like their neighbors; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character as they ever had. The power and possession which surround them are their own creation, and they exert the same commanding industry at this moment.

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses—mettle and bottom. On the day of my arrival in Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say, 'Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock and will fight till he dies"; and what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is *pluck*. The word is not beautiful, but on the quality they signify by it the nation is unanimous. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it.

The Englishman has stamina; he can take the initiative in emergencies. He has that *aplomb* which results from good adjustment of the moral and physical nature and the obedience of all the powers to the will; as if the axes of his eyes were united to his backbone, and only moved with the trunk. I know no place where any personal eccentricity is so freely allowed. An Englishman walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella; wears a wig or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made. He has been doing this for generations; it is now in his blood.

In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. He is never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion. They have all been trained in one severe school of manners, and never put off the harness. In mixed or in select companies they do not introduce persons; so that a presentation is a circumstance as valid as a contract. Introductions are sacraments. The Englishman withholds his name. At the hotel, he is hardly willing to whisper it to the clerk; if he gives you his private address on a card, it is like an avowal of friendship.



—*From "Their Finest Hour."*
Spitfires in Formation

Domesticity is the taproot which enables the nation to branch wide and high. The motive and end of their trade and empire is to guard the independence and privacy of their homes. Nothing so much marks their manners as the concentration on their household ties. This domesticity is carried into court and camp. Cobbett attributes the huge popularity of Perceval, Prime Minister in 1810, to the fact that he was wont to go to church every Sunday, with a large quarto gilt prayer-book under one arm, his wife hanging on the other, and followed by a long brood of children.

They keep their old customs, and pomps, their wig and mace, sceptre and crown. A hereditary tenure is natural to them. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years. They have difficulty in bringing their reason to act, and on all occasions use their memory first. The favorite phrase of their law is, "a custom whereof the memory of man runneth back to the contrary." The barons say, *"Nolumus mutari,"* and the cockneys stifle the curiosity of the foreigner with "Lord, sir, it was always so." All their statesmen learn the irresistibility of the tide of custom and have invented many fine phrases to cover this slowness of perception and prehensility of tail.

A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines have formed, a juice exudes and a hard enamel varnishes every part.

The laborer is a possible lord. The lord is a possible basket-maker. Every man carries the English system in his brain, knows what is confided to him, and does the best he can. The chancellor carries England on his mace, the midshipman at the point of his dirk, the smith on his hammer, the cook in the bowl of his spoon. The very felons have their pride in each other's English stanchness. A great

The title of this article, of course, is our own. When published originally by Ralph Waldo Emerson almost a century ago, it was called "English Traits." It is published here for whatever pertinency it may have toward our times in general, and today's headlines in particular. This essay appears in condensed form, with changes in sequence for purposes of emphasis and pertinency.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ability, not amassed on a few giants, but poured into the general mind, so that each of them could in a pinch stand in the shoes of the other; and they are more bound in character than differenced in ability or in rank.

In politics and in war they hold together as by hooks of steel. They embrace their cause with more tenacity than their life. These private, reserved, mute family-men can adopt a public end with all their heat, and their strength of affection makes the romance of their heroes. The difference of rank does not divide the national heart. In Germany, there is one speech for the learned, and another for the masses. But in England, the language of the noble is the language of the poor. In parliament, in pulpits, in theaters, when the speakers rise to thought and passion, the language becomes idiomatic; the people in the street best understand the best words. And their language seems drawn from the Bible, the Common Law and the works of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Young, Cowper, Burns, and Scott.

They are rather manly than warlike. When the war is over, the mask falls from the affectionate domestic tastes. But they know where their war-dogs lie. Cromwell, Blake, Marlborough, Chatham, Nelson, and Wellington are not to be trifled with, and the brutal strength which lies at the bottom of society, the animal ferocity of the quays and cockpits, the bullies of the costermongers of Shoreditch, Seven Dials, and Spitalfields, they know how to wake up.

In war, the Englishman looks to his means. Before the bombardment of the Danish forts in the Baltic, Nelson spent day after day, himself, in the boats, on the exhausting service of sounding the channel. Lord Collingwood was accustomed to tell his men that if they could fire three well-directed broadsides in five minutes, no vessel could resist them; and from constant practice they came to do it in three minutes and a half.

They rely on the simplest means, and do not like ponderous and difficult tactics, but delight to bring the affair hand to hand; where the victory lies with the strength, courage, and endurance of the individual combatants. They adopt every improvement in rig, in motor, in weapons, but they fundamentally believe that the best stratagem in naval war is to bring your ship close alongside of the enemy's ship and bring all your guns to bear on him, until you or he go to the bottom. This is the old fashion, which never goes out of fashion, neither in nor out of England.

This highly destined people, if it had not somewhere added the chamber of patience to its brain, would not have built London. I know not from which of the tribes and temperaments that went into the composition of the people this tenacity was supplied, but they clinch every nail they drive. They have no running for luck, and no immoderate speed. They spend largely on their fabric, and await the slow return. Their leather lies tanning seven years in the vat. At Roger's mills, in Sheffield, where I was shown the process of making a razor and a penknife, I was told there is no luck in making good steel; that they make no mistake, every blade in the hundred and in the thousand is good. And that is characteristic of all their work—no more is attempted than is done.

They have a wonderful heat in the pursuit of a public aim. Private persons exhibit, in scientific and antiquarian researches, the same pertinacity as the nation showed in the coalitions in which it yoked Europe against the empire of Bonaparte, one after the other defeated, and still renewed, until the sixth hurled him from his seat.

The nation sits in the immense city they have builded, a London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Dieman's Land or Capetown. Faithful performance of what is undertaken to be performed, they honor in themselves, and exact in others, as certificate of equality with themselves. And if all the wealth in the planet should perish by war or deluge, they know themselves competent to replace it. They have made the island a thoroughfare, and London a shop, a law-court, a record-office, and scientific bureau, inviting to strangers—a sanctuary to refugees of every political and religious opinion; and such a city that almost every active man, in any nation, finds himself at one time or another forced to visit it.

And in the complications of the trade and politics of their empire, they have been equal to every exigency, with counsel and with conduct. They are a family to which a destiny attaches, and the Banshee has sworn that a male heir shall never be wanting. They have a wealth of men to fill important posts, and the vigilance of part criticism insures the selection of a competent person. One thing is plain: this is no country for faint-hearted people. Don't creep about diffidently; make up your mind, take your own course, and you shall find respect and furtherance.

Their practical power rests on their national sincerity. Veracity derives from instinct, and marks superiority in organization. Wellington discovered the ruin of Bonaparte's affairs by his own probity. He augured ill of the Empire as soon as he saw that it was mendacious and lived by war. If war

(*Continued on page* 17)

THIS WEEK

Features

PAGE

WHY BRITAIN WILL SURVIVE
By Ralph Waldo Emerson 3

THE OTHER GERMANY
An Editorial 8

TYPOLOGIA
By Carl Purington Rollins 12

Reviews

DARWIN, MARX, WAGNER—CRITIQUE OF A HERITAGE
By Jacques Barzun
Reviewed by Rubin Gotesky 5

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH
Edited by Matthias A. Shaaber
Reviewed by William Allan Neilson 6

THE ATHENAEUM
By Leslie A. Marchand
Reviewed by R. Ellis Robert 6

DARKNESS AT NOON
By Arthur Koestler
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 7

THE USURPER
By Harry Harrison Kroll
Reviewed by Bess Jones 10

HILTON HEAD
By Josephine Pinckney
Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle 10

JUNIOR MISS
By Sally Benson
Reviewed by Gladys Graham Bates 11

SPRING 1940
By Stuart David Engstrand
Reviewed by Klaus Lambrecht 11

RIVER OF RUINS
By Louis J. Halle, Jr.
Reviewed by Carleton Beals 14

WOMEN OF BRITAIN
Letters from England
Reviewed by Phyllis Bentley 16

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 7
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
THE NEW BOOKS 18
TRADE WINDS 20
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NO. 374 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 5, May 24, 1941. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Myths of the Mountains

DARWIN, MARX, WAGNER — CRITIQUE OF A HERITAGE. By Jacques Barzun. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 420 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RUBIN GOTESKY

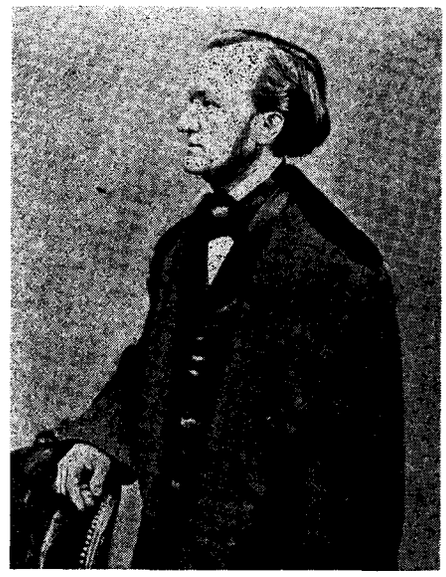
DEBUNKING and iconoclasm have recently undergone an inversion. Writers no longer attack only the old, the traditional, the conservative; these have acquired a new respectability. Now writers have discovered that God and Design and Philosophical Idealism and Capitalism, though old and crumbly, still have their saving graces.

A distinguished leader in this new school is Dr. Jacques Barzun who, in a thought-provoking and stimulating book, "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," smashes down these three great idols of modern radicalism. He finds, for example, that Darwin and Marx were not scientists. Wagner he views as a bad aesthetician, a degenerate composer of tinsel opera and a philistine. All three seem to him "pilferers" of other men's ideas, conspicuously lacking in originality.

What is the real evil these men have wrought? According to Dr. Barzun, these men were exponents of "mechanical materialism," which he describes as the philosophy of matter which holds that "the source of everything in the universe including life and consciousness." Darwin, for example, sought an explanation for the evolution of life in terms of natural selection. Marx sought an explanation for the evolution of society in terms of production and the class struggle. In the case of Wagner, we have a materialist of a special kind: the "artistic materialist."

What evil does Dr. Barzun see in "mechanical materialism?" Its evil is that the world is made a place of dancing atoms without purpose, mind or creativity. Consequently, mechanical materialism has destroyed ethics, made Machiavellianism the dominant morality and substituted the search after power for the brotherhood of man.

No indictment against three men could be more terrible. If all of Dr. Barzun's essential accusations are correct, then it was the gravest misfortune of modern times that these men were born in the nineteenth century; or, indeed, that they had ever been born. We can grant, certainly, many of Dr. Barzun's premises, but individual interpretation allows for reservations on others. It is certainly true that neither Darwin nor Marx discovered the whole truth about life or society.



Richard Wagner

It is true that Darwin, Marx, and Wagner were influenced by the ideas of other men. But it is questionable whether either Marx or Darwin can be justly accused of plagiarism, for both were scrupulous of their intellectual debts. It is also true that Marx and Wagner were arrogant, self-centered, and ambitious men. But it is not true that Marx's self-centeredness and consequent inability to understand men led him to believe in force as the "midwife of progress."

In attacking Darwin's specific contribution to biology, Dr. Barzun is in reality repudiating only the unwarranted extension of Darwin's theory to society, where it has only a limited application. The author talks of "purpose" in life, of Lamarck and Samuel Butler, but he does not try to discover why experimental biologists have failed to turn *en masse* to Lamarck.

Did Darwin exclude "purpose"? Obviously not. He recognized sex and hunger as the two essential drives in all organisms. But these drives can not explain of themselves the transformation of species; and what Darwin sought was an objective principle, testable by evidence, which would explain evolution. Where could he find such a principle? Only by examining the relation of organisms to their environment. Darwin observed two facts: first, that sex is essentially a function of the ability of organisms to obtain food, and secondly, that the amount of food in any given environment is usually less than the amount required. From these two facts, Darwin inferred a struggle for existence between species and organisms. Is this principle subject to verifiable tests? It is. Further Darwin tried to find an observable principle for the transformation of species through this struggle for survival.

Darwin found his principle of explanation in the presence of organic differences between members of a species and between species in any given environment which are advantageous or disadvantageous in the struggle for existence. He called these differences *accidental variations;* and with good reason. No one has yet shown that these differences are purposefully produced by organisms or species. Organisms are born with these differences and use them. Darwin assumed that these variations are always small and continuous. He was mistaken, but his mistake in no way invalidates the general principle. In this respect, at least, Darwin was no "pilferer."

Dr. Barzun is correct in saying that Marx is the logical continuator of Darwin's theory of evolution. But Marx made a very necessary correction to Darwin, which allowed space for the action of men's wills and consciousness. Darwinians like Spencer applied the doctrine of natural selection to the social scene without any limitations. Marx, however, recognized that social development had to be explained, not in terms of biological variations, but in terms of social variations introduced into the production and distribution of goods and services in a given society.

In the last section of his book, Dr. Barzun proposes a reform of modern thought which is essentially a return to philosophical idealism. His idealism, however, is compounded with relativism and the pragmatic method. He proposes idealism in order to restore consciousness, will, purpose in the universe, and to provide assurances that nature is friendly to our essential needs and interests. Relativism is recommended because it helps to limit our ideals and hopes within cognizable boundaries. The pragmatic method is included in order to function as a precise test for our ideals and ideas.

The implications of Dr. Barzun's new philosophical trinity are intriguing. We should like to know how God, Will, Consciousness, and Purpose can be theoretically re-established throughout the universe. It would be interesting also to discover the precise pragmatic tests for determining their re-establishment as scientific facts. Finally we should like to discover concretely what good this re-establishment would do us individually and socially. Meanwhile Dr. Barzun has left us with a provocative sketch of his philosophy of the future.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Variorum Shakespeare

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH. (A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.) Edited by Matthias A. Shaaber. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1940. 715 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

WHEN Dr. H. H. Furness published the first volume of "A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare," he noted that it was "nearly fifty years since the last so-called Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, edited by Boswell" was published. That was in 1874, and now, sixty-seven years later, Furness's own undertaking is far from complete. Long ago it became evident that the task was not one for a single scholar. Dr. Furness devoted a large part of his life to it (1874-1912); his son succeeding him worked on it till he died (1912-1930); the earlier volumes are long out of date; and yet there are still many plays untouched. It was high time, therefore, that Shakespearean scholars should get together and by cooperative effort push it to a conclusion.

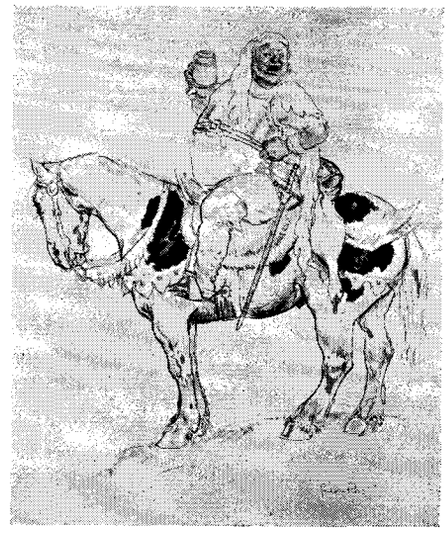
The obvious agency was the Modern Language Association of America, and a supervisory committee of that organization, subsidized by the American Philosophical Association and the Carnegie Corporation, have now the matter in hand. The most recent issue under these auspices is "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth," edited by Professor Matthias A. Shaaber of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Shaaber had been invited to undertake it by the younger Dr. Furness shortly before his death, and an examination of its contents makes it easy to understand why it took eleven years to accomplish it.

The general plan laid out by the founder has been followed. The text is that of the First Folio and the textual notes give as before all the variant readings of the Quarto and of all important subsequent editions. There are forty-nine of these fully collated, and thirty-four others have been consulted and occasionally quoted. The text, textual notes, and commentary occupy some 460 pages, a figure which indicates the portentous bulk that has now been reached in the mere elucidation of the text of a single play.

The Appendix deals as usual with the condition and relations of the original editions, the date of composition, the question of authenticity, the sources, criticism, the acting versions, and the stage history. This is naturally the most readable part of the volume, and those who have neither the patience nor the curiosity to study the textual comments may find abundant entertainment and no small amount of enlightenment in the discussions of the characters of Falstaff, the King, and Prince Hal.

It is in the treatment of Falstaff that the critics are most amusing, partly because, more than in the case of any other of Shakespeare's creations, he is not only the cause that wit is in other men, but the occasion of their displaying their weaknesses. One (German) critic finds him a "most detestable egoist"; another, "the image of our triumph as an angel over our body of the beast." The matter of his cowardice is perpetually revived, and much learning and some temper is revealed in the argument. One may perhaps compromise by saying that he did not lack courage, but used a discreet economy in its employment.

The great question of the rejection of Falstaff in the last scene is one involving the character of Prince Hal rather than of Sir John. What emerges from the views of many critics, most of them writing in sorrow and some in anger, is that Shakespeare's treatment of the Prince is consistent and thought-out from the beginning, and that the repudiation of the companion of his riots was contemplated from the time in the first act of Part I when he put into his mouth the soliloquy in which he gives (however unpleasantly to us) a purely political purpose to his roistering. If Shakespeare is to blame for causing us distress at the new king's "I know thee not, old man," it is because he has led us to fall in love with a "most detestable egoist," not because he has been confused or vague as to the character of his hero-king.



Falstaff, by Gordon Ross. (Limited Editions Club).

Professor Shaaber has performed his laborious task with patience, accuracy, and judgment. His own comments are restrained and sensible, and he does not yield to the temptation to sit in judgment over all his predecessors. Shakespearean scholars owe him thanks and congratulations.

The Life of "The Athenaeum"

THE ATHENAEUM. By Leslie A. Marchand. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1941. 411 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MR. MARCHAND has everything except the last gift, that of making his period and his book come alive. No one interested in Victorian periodicals can afford to miss this book; no one who has any real knowledge of the men and movements represented by *The Athenaeum* can do other than lament that Mr. Marchand, in spite of his diligent study of the files at Eleven Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been unable to dream himself back into the London of Dilke, of Hepworth Dixon, of Theodore Watts, of Norman MacColl, of Vernon Rendall. A small point will show those who know how remote is Mr. Marchand's diligence from a proper understanding. Continually he refers to *The Athenaeum* as a "magazine." That is out of key. *The Athenaeum* was a weekly, a periodical, a learned journal (yes, quite an inaccurate use of journal), an organ of the academic societies—but *not* a magazine. Even Stevenson's irreverent character in "The Wrong Box" was less astray when he exclaimed of this serious weekly, "Golly! What a paper!": and it tells the uninformed something of the men who ran it.

Still here are the facts of *The Athenaeum's* independent life: it died twice, once when absorbed by *The Nation,* then when that paper was amalgamated with *The New Statesman.* Mr. Marchand's best chapter is, perhaps, that in which he gives us an account of how seven great contemporaries—including Dickens, Tennyson, Thackeray, Browning, and Carlyle—were received by *The Athenaeum.* He promises a future volume. I hope in that he will expose *The Athenaeum's* reception of some Victorian lesser lights —James Thomson, Mark Rutherford, Mrs. Gaskell, George Borrow, Francis Adams. And what the paper had to say about Thomas Love Peacock and his son-in-law, George Meredith.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Stages of the Soviet Mind

DARKNESS AT NOON. By Arthur Koestler. Translated by Daphne Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

Woodcut by Ilsem Bischoff. (Contemporary American Prints, 1931.)

THIS book reminds us very oddly—even perversely, considering how grotesque the idea must seem in the light of day—of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." We are thinking at the moment of the three spirits who come to Mr. Scrooge, the Spirits of Christmas Past, Present, and Future, for here too, in Mr. Koestler's book, the three chief characters seem to bear, all but visibly, three similar and sequential labels. Rubashov, now imprisoned and under questioning in one of the famous Moscow trials, seems clearly to represent the Communist of Time Past. Ivanov, his first interlocutor, is a transitional figure, the Communist of, shall we say, Readjustment. And then the admirably inhuman Gletkin, first Ivanov's assistant and then his successor, holds the stage triumphantly as the Communist of the Present. Ivanov has felt constrained to treat Rubashov with some tenderness, to coax him into being sensible in the name of old fellowship. Confess something, he urges, cry out our carefully arranged list of abominable crimes against the people's state; we can make it a matter of five years, and you can be back with us. But Ivanov himself vanishes suddenly, and Gletkin, who has been sulking at his superior's sentimentality, takes full control. Now we have some of the calculated brutality already described at length by Mr. Valtin—(does it matter who employs it?)—and Rubashov's personal resources are utterly deflated, as they must be under such pressure. The trial ends, then. Full confession.

We were reminded of Dickens's spirits because the three: Rubashov, Ivanov, and Gletkin, are in their own way disembodied and representative, rather than vital, characters in a novel about people. The situation is of course real enough, and the book serves to document whatever suspicions we may have concerning the Moscow confessions. Yet the whole thing has about it an air of allegory. Even as the three men face one another in varied combinations, and talk at length, they seem less personalities than voices expressing, in Socratic dialogue, their party factions and points of view. Even Rubashov's solitary musings upon his past do not move us to regard him as a vital, suffering, repentant man to whom we may attach our interest. As a matter of fact, here exactly is the book's vulnerable point. For if Mr. Koestler intends, as he seems to, that we admire, or sympathize with, Rubashov, he fails. Rubashov has apparently broken with his party on ethical grounds; he has been disillusioned by certain crimes and discrepancies, and will go no further. But he has himself committed a series of crimes up to this breaking point: treacheries, betrayals, of a comrade, of a lover, of many colleagues and followers, all in pursuit of party duty. If he turns aside now, it is only because he is weary of crimes. His mournful recanting of past duplicity does not add to his stature, and his fate at the hands of his former companions does not seem entirely unjust. "Darkness at Noon" gives us, then, a skillful analysis of three stages of the Soviet Communist mind, without offering anywhere in its pages even one admirable character.

Your Literary I. Q.

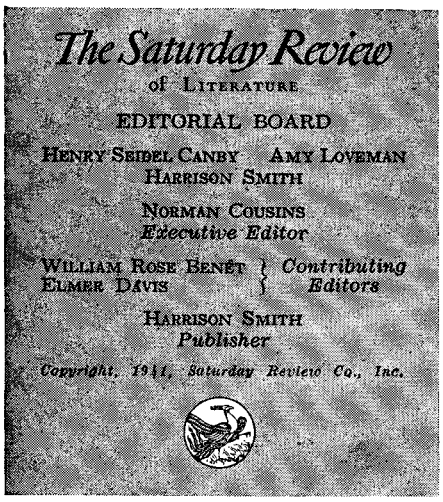
By Howard Collins

GREAT MINDS ON MARRIAGE

Some 300-odd years of thought on the subject of matrimony have resulted in the assorted opinions which are quoted below. Can you identify the author of each? Allowing 10 points for each writer correctly named, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 10.

1. He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.
2. Marriage and hanging go by destiny; matches are made in heaven.
3. December 25, 1665. Saw a wedding in the church; and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition.
4. Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.
5. Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?
6. Every woman should marry—and no man.
7. And this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes.
8. Marriage: a community consisting of a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all, two.
9. When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal, and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part.
10. When a woman marries again it is because she detested her first husband. When a man marries again it is because he adored his first wife. Women try their luck; men risk theirs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE OTHER GERMANY

STEFAN ZWEIG, addressing the inauguration dinner of the European P.E.N. in America last week, asked forgiveness of the world for the sins that had been committed in the name of Germany.

> We writers of the German language feel a secret and tormenting shame because these decrees of oppression are conceived and drafted in the German language, the same language in which we write and think. Though we are no longer considered Germans by the Germans, I feel it my duty publicly to ask forgiveness of each of you for everything which today is inflicted on your peoples in the name of the German spirit.

Recently, a somewhat similar statement was issued by a group of German writers and teachers who asked Americans to differentiate between the teaching of German language and literature in the schools and the dissemination of Nazi propaganda. It was pointed out, and rightly so, that this was no war being waged by or against German culture, but indeed against its opposite.

Of course there is a distinction—a distinction Americans must recognize and respect if we are to avoid falling victim to the same untouchable complex, the same excessive feeling of superiority that has obliterated—only for the moment we hope—the warmth and richness of the cultural side of the other Germany. This was the Germany that has enriched the cultural treasury of the world through the writings of Walther, Eckhart, Luther, Sachs, Fischart, Wickram, Opitz, Gottsched, Leibnitz, Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, the brothers Grimm, Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, Heine, Schopenhauer, van Ranke, Keyserling, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Wassermann, Heinrich Mann, Thomas Mann, Werfel, Stefan Zweig, Arnold Zweig, Feuchtwanger.

It is inconceivable that anyone should think we can deal a blow at Nazism by striking at the German language or at German literature or at any other product of the free culture of the other Germany. It is inconceivable because such discrimination is in reality a blow not against but for Nazism. We ourselves will be the losers if we become carelessly indiscriminate in ruling out as Nazi propaganda anything and everything connected with German history, literature, or language. For when we shun the literary achievements of the other Germany we deprive ourselves of the most potent arguments ever marshalled against iron heels and mailed fists. If we are wise, we will go back to German literature for its eloquent messages for liberty. We should re-discover it, exalt it, shout it from the treetops. For it tells the story the Nazis are trying to keep not only from Germans but from the rest of the world. That is why we must recognize this other Germany as a valuable ally in the fight against the spreading twentieth-century barbarism.

It is this other Germany that the Nazis themselves fear, otherwise there would be no book-burnings; no extermination of creative thought, or free culture; no exodus or hunting down of human genius. Not for nothing was the foundation of Nazism built on the ashes of books which had given the other Germany a conscience and a dignity and a respect for man and the works of man. The books were burned because Nazi Germany could find no uniform to fit free culture; they were burned because they had the power of an army on the march—constituting, as they did, Germany's first line of defense against an abrupt return to the Dark Ages. When a match was set to a gasoline-soaked pile of books, the fire was merely symbolic of a much larger and more ominous conflagration. It was symbolic, too, of the life and death struggle between the two Germanies—a struggle whose intensity has not been exceeded by any external conflict in which the nation was involved.

For the two cannot live side by side. A large part of the history of Germany reflects this paradox of the dual personality. How else can the severe ups and downs in Germany's history be explained? Why is there perhaps less continuity in the historical pattern of Germany than in that of any other Western nation? Why have there been long, barren stretches in the record of Germany's cultural development, and equally conspicuous periods of lush growth? A spark may be touched off and for several generations the riches that had been dormant in human creativeness will pour out on all sides like quicksilver out of a spilled jar, casting a light that will illumine all the world. Then the other Germany will thrust itself forward, casting a sudden shadow and almost completely obscuring the cultural horizon.

Here in America, through the most eminent representatives of the other Germany, we can keep alive the spark that may yet again touch off the rebirth of German humanism and free culture. Such a sacred trust is a privilege and a responsibility.

N. C.

Country of Appeasers

By Louis Untermeyer

THIS is no place to come to; this is where,
Confused by our own slogans of despair,
We argue leaping against looking ahead,
And what is almost silenced is almost said.

Once we were cool and clever and ever so brave,
Designing chains of comfort for the slave;
Freedom is but a state of mind, said we,
Who feared the very gesture to be free.

This is ghost's country. This is where we walk
Into a street of dead men, while our talk
Varies from vicious cause to violent cure.
And we, who were all too certain, are almost secure.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Literary I. Q. Revolution

SIR:—Franklin Young's letter in the *SRL* [May 3] pleased me very much! I've been struggling with your literary I. Q. quizzes ever since you started them and have been becoming more and more discouraged as time went past. An illiterate from God-knows-where would probably get as good a mark as I do. I wouldn't even quote my usual rating. And I have a VERY good memory for things literary, too; or so I've always flattered myself.

How about giving the quiz to your editorial board, unrehearsed and unseen (like Information, Please), and letting us know their rating? Or would that only increase our inferiority complex?

Couldn't you give us something a little easier—like "Who dragged who around the walls of what how many times and why?"

MARION G. THURSTON.
Hampton, Virginia.

Note: Members of the Editorial Board refuse to tell either their ages or their Lit. I. Q. scores.

Oh NO!—I mean, SIR:—Regarding your call for a show of hands on whether the Literary I. Q. Quiz is too difficult, please don't water it down. Of course it is too difficult—Mr. Franklin Young [May 3] need feel no discouragement. But surely it is no end more interesting than if most of us knew most of the answers. It was a great week in my life, once, when I touched par on it. And when one has read the questions *and* the answers, one has something of permanent interest. Has Mr. Young never discovered how much more stimulating it is to make out of a list of ten things he does not know than of ten things he does know?

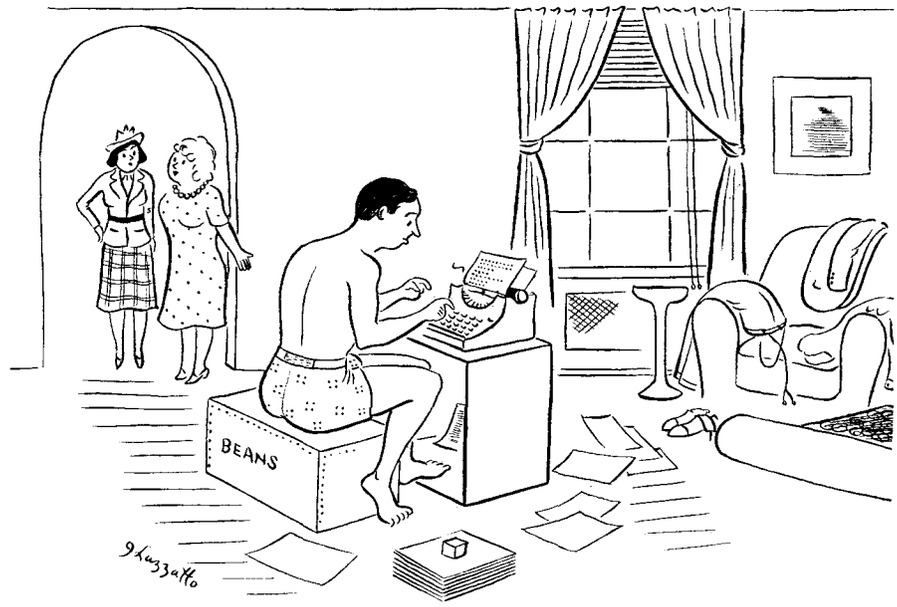
G. W. BARNES.
New York City.

SIR:—Please teacher here is my hand as strictly against dilution of the *SRL* Literary I. Q. quiz. I have done a solitary gloat several times over a personal score of 90 or 95. Haven't reached par yet but the world is, comparatively speaking, yet young. Don't like spoon vittles. Like to whet my teeth.

R. I. WALKINSHAW.
Hurley, Wisconsin.

SIR:—Hurrah for Mr. Franklin Young! I'm no moron, literary or otherwise, and my grades on the Literary I. Q. quiz have given my inferiority complex quite a send-off. They *are* too *hard!*

MONA HARROP MCELFRESH.
Cincinnati, Ohio.



"He's at that stark realism of his again."

SIR:—Three cheers for Franklin Young. I do Double-Crostics in an average of half an hour, without reference books, but only once have I been able to secure as high a score as 70 in a Literary Quiz. Only a librarian or a teacher of literature could do any better. Bring them within the reach of us ordinary literate people!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.
San Francisco, California.

SIR:—I vote in favor of the Literary I. Q. quiz.

To be sure, my I. Q. varies greatly from week to week. One week I make an excellent score. Another week only two of the ten questions relate to books that I have ever read. Well, what of it? It is good fun all the same. I don't blush much over the books that I haven't read. Neither do I think it would be practicable for the compiler to confine himself to books that I have read. To take as example the quiz for May 3, the same date on which Mr. Young's complaint is printed: I just make an undoubtedly prejudiced mental estimate as to what percentage of those who have read Richard Connell's "The Most Dangerous Game," which I haven't, have also read the third part of "Gulliver's Travels," which is also required for the quiz and which I have read, and with this estimate I restore my self-respect.

And I further restore it by thinking what substitutions I could have made in the quiz. For May 3 the quiz is on fictitious islands. I think of Ogygia and of Treasure Island; of Sancho Panza's Barataria, which is surely fictitious enough for anybody; of Robinson Crusoe's nameless island, which none but the reckless will identify with the actual island discovered by Juan Fernandez; of Prospero's nameless island, which none but the reckless will identify with Bermuda.

If I permitted myself to complain of the scoring of the quizzes, it should be because we are commanded to make our identifications by names, and in so many cases these names cut no essential figure in the original book. It is nobody's business to remember that the Swiss Family Robinson named their island New Switzerland; especially as you probably read that book when you were at an age at which your indifference to such geographical nomenclature was as profound as it was legitimate. The compiler has permitted himself to give "the island of Dr. Moreau" in lieu of name; he should permit us to say simply "the Swiss Family Robinson's island."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

Information, Please

SIR:—I am gathering material on the life of Thomas Clayton Wolfe which I hope will eventually lead to a biography. I would appreciate any aid that the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* might be able to give me.

What I need is information on Mr. Wolfe's childhood, family life, education at the University of North Carolina, and later life. I am especially interested in personal incidents in his life, letters, etc.

Any letters or information would be welcome. Letters will receive careful handling and be immediately returned.

JAMES O. WALKER, JR.
21 Carnegie Hall
College Station
Maryville, Tenn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kroll . . .

THE USURPER. By Harry Harrison Kroll. Indianapolis: Bobbs - Merrill Co. 1941. 450 *pp.* $2.50.

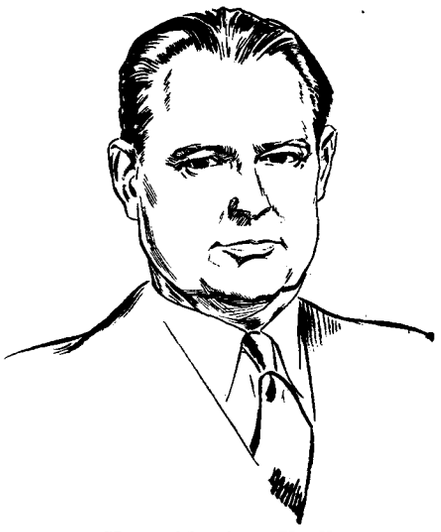
Reviewed by BESS JONES

THE struggle of the outsider to get in, of the nobody to be somebody, is probably one of the oldest themes in the world. Most important novelists and nearly all bad ones have dealt with it, though it takes special form in various places. In English fiction it was often traced through the relentless disciplines of becoming a gentleman. Sometimes it was simply a defense of virtue until marriage could make the loss of it respectable. "Great Expectations" and "Pamela" come at once to mind. In this country we have the term "success story," a kind of Horatio Alger parade from bootblack to banker. New England made things a little harder. Mr. Marquand's novels prove that to become anything you had to be it in the first place.

In the South it was different. More than forty years ago Ellen Glasgow began to show that a society still had vitality when it could permit a whole submerged class to reassert its vigor and competence and mix its rich red blood with the blue. It wasn't easy, either for her as a novelist in the South (and a woman, at that) or for her characters, but she made her point. She knew where she stood.

Mr. Kroll does not seem to know so well where he stands. To be sure, he is at home in the Mississippi Delta Country. His Stan Butterworth's ruthless climb to power over the dead body of the banker and planter class is forcefully constructed, and the speech, especially the racy and illiterate portions, cuts to the bone. (Unfortunately, about half way through, Stan discovers the Harvard Classics and all is lost.) There is marked veracity, too, in the relations between whites and Negroes, whose mixture of "dark laughter" and intuitive loyalty in dealing with their own white folks and whose contempt for white trash intruders are excellently observed in the McFerrin household.

Other aspects of his setting are adequately touched upon: the plight of the sharecroppers and their attempt to unionize, abortive because weakly led and because of fuzzily drawn lines in a society where caste, rather than economics, has dominated the class struggle; the false prosperity of the owning group; the use of ignorance, poverty, and intimidation as weapons of control. Mr. Kroll's book falls short of true importance, however, because it does not make clear the difference between a genuine social revolution, in which new values replace old, and the turn of a Ferris Wheel, which offers nothing more than a shift in relative positions of the riders. A usurper is indeed a usurper when he can do no more than wear the shirt another man has lost to him. It's the same old shirt, and Stan Butterworth wearing it in the end isn't going to be very different from either D. H. McFerrin or E. E. Olds. Lallie Belle, the earthy young climber he marries, is sure to take on the airs of the Mrs. McFerrin and the Mrs. Olds she replaces, and when she has a daughter old enough, she will scheme as they did, to make her child the queen of the Cotton Festival.



Harry Harrison Kroll

Ellen Glasgow knows better. So does H. G. Wells. I refer you, for a sound comment on the question Mr. Kroll raises but does not satisfactorily answer, to "Tono Bungay": "These people," he writes of the new occupants of Bladesover, "were no improvement. . . . There was no effect of a beneficial replacement of passive unintelligent people by active intelligent ones. One felt that a smaller but more enterprising and intensely undignified variety of stupidity had replaced the larger dullness of the old gentry. . . ."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Francis Bacon: "Of Marriage and Single Life."
2. Robert Burton: "Anatomy of Melancholy."
3. Samuel Pepys: "Diary."
4. Sidney Smith: "Lady Holland's Memoir."
5. Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Montaigne."
6. Benjamin Disraeli: "Lothair."
7. William Makepeace Thackeray: "Vanity Fair."
8. Ambrose Bierce: "The Devil's Dictionary."
9. George Bernard Shaw: "Getting Married."
10. Oscar Wilde: "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

Pinckney . . .

HILTON HEAD. By Josephine Pinckney. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 524 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

THIS is a first class historical novel. That is to say, Miss Pinckney demonstrates that she is both an artist and a scholar. Her story of Henry Woodward, a young surgeon in the wilderness called Carolina in the seventeenth century, is replete with color and adventure. But it is, in its broad outlines, a true story. Henry Woodward really lived. So did the other major characters of "Hilton Head."

Josephine Pinckney found the story of Dr. Woodward in the Charleston Library, the Library of Congress, and in the library at the University of Georgia where transcripts existed of original documents in the Archives of the Indies at Seville and the Public Record Office in London. She acknowledges elaboration of these musty sources. "Hilton Head," as she points out, is fiction and not a biography. What matters the most, is that it is an excellent story.

Just north of the Savannah river, which divides South Carolina and Georgia, is an island called Hilton Head. Miss Pinckney's novel concerns the stretch of coast between Hilton Head and Charleston. We first meet brash and adventurous young Henry Woodward in the Barbados in 1665, however. He has but lately emigrated from England to the New World. He learns that an expedition is being outfitted to sail for that part of the Carolina coast discovered by Captain Hilton of the ship, *Adventurer*.

Woodward goes with the expedition, of course, but sufferings and hardship lie in the path of even an attempt to colonize. The youthful doctor, never quite certain whether he believed the more in blood-letting, in herbs, or in astrology, shared the sufferings and embarked on many an exploit of his own. Woodward is the hero of "Hilton Head." He becomes in due time one of the founders of Charles Town.

Henry Woodward lives hard and dies young. He acquires wealth, after many a set-back. He acquires fame, too. He is the hero of "Hilton Head." But the two women he marries are first-class heroines; turbulent Meg who longed to return to London and was drowned in an attempt to get there, and Mary, the second wife, who was Henry's first love. Again, being a poet, Josephine Pinckney writes with warmth and beauty of Henry Woodward's two loves.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benson . . .

JUNIOR MISS. By Sally Benson. New York: Random House. 1941. 214 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

THE one unsatisfactory thing about this series of stories concerning young Judy Graves (you remember her from *The New Yorker*) is that there are not enough of them. Judy is a terror and a delight and she is habit forming for the reader. She gets hold of your emotions and won't let go, and she very certainly divides your personality because you suffer with her, as you read, the nostalgic misery of having your every young motive misunderstood by a practically moronic adult world, and you suffer with her elders the sense of fury and frustration at the optimistic but only occasionally controlled energy of youth so damaging to the smugger middle years. You will be amused almost continuously through these adventures with Judy but you will be harrowed, too, for Sally Benson's humor is based on the inherent conflicts between the ego and its environment, and not on any superficial "quaintness" of children.

Judy is almost always somebody else and the slowness with which the family recognizes the dramatic personalities of the moment accounts for many of the hilarious situations which form the background of the stories. There is the time Judy went to the movies with Fluffy Adams and saw the film about the "almost hysterical devotion of a curly-haired little girl for her father, a whimsical Englishman who had been lost in the shuffle during the Boer War and found again through the untiring efforts of his little daughter and the dignified acquiescence of Queen Victoria." Judy's unlikeness to the little heroine and her father's total dissimilarity from the Englishman did not prevent her from driving her parent almost mad with her sentimental attentions. When she coyly shook her curls at him he, being unable to detect the curls on Judy's straight-haired little head, asks her woundingly if she has something in her ear. But there is little use trying to give the charm of the stories by telling what they are about, for Sally Benson has made her incisive, word-clipped style an integral part of them. She has an uncanny accuracy in catching the exact detail of description which will bring a whole personality to mind with the sharpest effect and in touching upon the one incident which will recreate the whole of a childish tragedy. If you put these tales aside as children's stories simply you will miss some extremely shrewd comment on human nature in general and our own day in particular.

Robert McAfee

Sally Benson

Whether Judy is trying to lead her mother to the more sophisticated in winter coats for the Junior Miss (with her sister Lois pointing out that she will look as if she is going to "you know what" with the bow tied over her plump stomach); or printing out the head piece for Pink Beauty, "Trained Mouse. Died June 7, 1940 A.D." which, as a matter of fact, she had come upon for the first time just as it was drawing its last and certainly untrained breath; or spending her entire week's lunch money to buy a bank in which to save half of the said sum, whatever she is doing, she is doing it the hard way.

Judy is nobody to be taken or left at will. You should know her. It will do your adult complacency considerable and shocking good. Her fierce and dramatic attitude towards life will wear you down as it moves ruthlessly upon its way towards its own unfathomable ends, but it will give you a salutary reminder that life begins practically at birth.

Stuart David Engstrand

Engstrand . . .

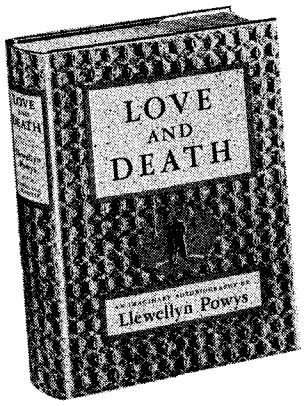
SPRING 1940. By Stuart David Engstrand. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 357 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

WHAT strikes the reader most about Mr. Engstrand's book is a sense of unreality that prevails throughout despite the author's efforts to write realistically. It is not just a matter of details, such as German soldiers inevitably dying with a "Heil Hitler" on their lips, or anti-Nazis who, in the face of death, seem to be calmly reciting newspaper editorials on the subject of non-violence. These details are just part of the pattern which writers of anti-Nazi novels have worked out, routine descriptions, so to speak, that are bound to fit in automatically. It is the story as a whole which in itself carries the quality of the unreal. The young Norwegian who after years of living and training in Germany returns to his native country as a heel-clicking soldier, spouting about the ideological blurb he has been fed, is still the most likely character in the book. Being one of Hitler's "tourists" he betrays his family, causing the death of one of his two brothers and the mutilation of the other. He also betrays the girl he loves who, to make things worse, happens to be his stepsister, and when the Germans come he fights, along with the local Quislings, on their side against his own people until nothing is left of the village but his family's home, heroically defended by his father. His mother, a woman of supernatural moral strength, as it seems, kills her own son when he comes up to demand their surrender, then takes her other children up to the safety of the mountains, looks on as her husband is blown to pieces by a bomb that hits the house and, after some discussion among the rescued as to whom the honor of self-sacrifice should be granted, she takes a rifle and calmly marches down the mountain to finish the chief Quisling who amidst the ruins of the village is still alive.

The sentimental effect of tragedy is always relative to the range of human experience and imagination. Here tragedy has been carried almost beyond conception or belief. This does not necessarily imply that a similar story might not actually have happened, but merely that Mr. Engstrand has failed to bring it within human reaches. His story, for all its early psychological build-up, is raw and unmodelled, and a structure without casing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"An England of green valleys and deliciously empty skies"

THIS novel, largely autobiographical, is the last book written by Llewellyn Powys before his death. It has been greeted as a literary masterpiece and a great love story. Some of the first reviews follow:

"'Love and Death' is at one and the same time beautiful in wisdom, sincerity, truth, humanity, drama, and pathos. It achieves moving and elevating poetry throughout." —THEODORE DREISER

"This book is beyond classification, a baffling and at times bewitching incursion into the heart's lore of a man who is soon to die. It is not for every reader, but there should be many to cherish it, for its gayety, its poetry, its delicate sensuality and for the classic simplicity of romance and betrayal. It is healing reading now, as it gives us an England of green valleys and deliciously empty skies." —NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS

"As a hymn of natural awareness, free-roving beauty, delight without greed, it strikes into the English past, can join with the vast and capaciously satisfying variety of English literature."—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

LOVE AND DEATH

A novel by Llewellyn Powys

PRICE $2.50 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

Typologia

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

FREDERIC W. GOUDY was once asked how he designed a type face. He replied that it was his custom to think of a letter and then draw a line around it! He has been doing this for a good many years, and any census of type designers, past and present, would place his name near the top, even if his more than five-score type faces are not a record output for any one man. Mr. Goudy has also written and spoken much on the subject of type design, one of his well-known contributions being "The Alphabet," published in 1918. His latest contribution of text and type-design is "Typologia," recently published by the University of California Press to signalize the acquisition by that press of a new type face made by Mr. Goudy for its exclusive use.

Like almost all of Mr. Goudy's type designs, the "University of California Old Style" type displays the distinguishing Goudy touch, a tendency (sometimes in spite of his own best efforts) to roundness and soft curves. In an old style type these features of design are allowable, and help to establish the validity of the class name. The type is easy to read because of its good drawing and good weight of line, and it ought to prove a very satisfactory book face. Samuel T. Farquhar, Manager of the Press, has been most successful in what is sometimes a dubious venture—the acquisition of a "private font" of type. In view of the efforts of the university presses to forswear their academic allegiance, it is heartening to find one of them maintaining its integrity in this fashion.

Mr. Goudy's discourse, which makes a hundred and sixty page book, is a pleasant account of the history of printing and of printing types which becomes pointed and valuable in telling the story of his own theory and practice in type making. He is one of the few modern type designers to convert his designs into the matrices required for casting the metal letters, and one of the still fewer craftsmen working alone who has himself manipulated the intricate machinery used in the modern type foundry. These power-driven tools require a knowledge and skill such as seldom accompanies the designer's talents. The details of the work, as carefully explained here, with personal reminiscence and human touches, makes this book an important document in the history of American type design.

The book has been produced under Mr. Goudy's direction by the University of California Press and is a first-class piece of book making. Many illustrations of the various processes, of numerous type designs, and of the author at work at his bench or machine, add much to the documentary value as well as the attractiveness of the volume. The frontispiece portrait of the author, from a bust by Jo Davidson, does him rather less than justice as a likeness, however. In addition to the trade edition there is a limited autographed issue of three hundred copies on hand made paper bound in leather and vellum.

OF all American designers of the present day, none is more imaginative, ingenious and whimsical than William A. Dwiggins. His extraordinary facility in cutting minute stencils in celluloid and then combining his geometric units in abstract patterns was dealt with at length in the *Fleuron* for 1928; his lovely and cleverly contrived marionettes have excited much interest; but lettering has always been his major preoccupation. A nervous, sprightly quality has distinguished his handling of the alphabet, and something of this quality—as much as possible under the rigid rules of type-fitting—has been preserved in his recent essays in type design.

Always as much philosopher as draftsman, Mr. Dwiggins has been unusually felicitous in combining the shapes of letters with what they say; only recently his little known but provocative book, "Towards a Reform of the Paper Currency," has stirred the sluggish self-satisfaction of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing into enlisting outside help in the designing of postage stamps. His writing has not been voluminous, but it has been to the point. The latest brochure from his hand—for he both wrote and lettered it—is a letter to Mr. Rudolph Ruzicka, himself a distinguished American designer, on the subject of type design. There is little that is novel in the letter, but it makes good reading, for Mr. Dwiggins is never dull. The field for new type designs is a limited one, but it begins to look as if we should have working in it a few really competent designers instead of imitators and mechanical copyists. Mr. Goudy has done notable work, and Mr. Dwiggins and Mr. Ruzicka are competent to do good work. Eventually, if

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CLASSICS WHICH ARE OUR HERITAGE FROM THE PAST, IN EDITIONS WHICH WILL BE THE HERITAGE OF THE FUTURE

Beautiful, *beautiful* books like these

at less than the cost of an ordinary novel!

Sponsored by The Limited Editions Club,
this organization invites
a limited number of Subscribing Members to acquire
a collection of the world's classics
especially illustrated by the greatest artists
and beautifully printed on permanent papers

ONLY seventy-five hundred Subscribing Memberships will be accepted by The Heritage Club, and fewer than five hundred of these are available at the time this announcement is printed!

The Heritage Club distributes to this limited group of members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not "de luxe", nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers especially made and chemically tested to assure a life of two centuries, handsomely bound and placed in protective slip-cases.

Seldom indeed has such an honest value been made available to those who love beautiful books. Each member subscribes for twelve books in one year, and *pays only $2.50* for each! If he makes payment-in-advance for all twelve, he *pays only $2.25* for each! And he is permitted to select the books he wants to have!

The books to be distributed to the Members in the next twelve months were selected in two ballots cast by the present Subscribing Members.

This is the complete list: *Alice in Wonderland* by LEWIS CARROLL, with the original illustrations by SIR JOHN TENNIEL carefully reproduced, designed by W. A. DWIGGINS; *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* by MARK TWAIN, illustrated with color-lithographs by WARREN CHAPPELL; *Fathers and Sons* by IVAN TURGENEV, illustrated with wood-engravings by FRITZ EICHENBERG; *A Sentimental Journey* by LAURENCE STERNE, illustrated with watercolors by SYLVAIN SAUVAGE; *Barnaby Rudge* by CHARLES DICKENS, with ninety illustrations by JAMES DAUGHERTY; *The Pilgrim's Progress* by JOHN BUNYAN, illustrated with twelve hitherto-unknown watercolors by WILLIAM BLAKE; *Gargantua and Pantagruel* by FRANCOIS RABELAIS, newly translated by JACQUES LE CLERCQ, illustrated with lithographs by LYND WARD; *Jane Eyre* by CHARLOTTE BRONTË, illustrated with lithographs in color by BARNETT FREEDMAN; *Two Years Before the Mast* by RICHARD HENRY DANA, illustrated with watercolors by DALE NICHOLS; *The Return of the Native* by THOMAS HARDY, illustrated with wood-engravings by AGNES MILLER PARKER; *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by CHARLES DICKENS, a definitive text edited by VINCENT STARRETT, illustrated by EVERETT SHINN; *Spoon River Anthology* by EDGAR LEE MASTERS, illustrated with paintings by BOARDMAN ROBINSON.

You are invited to send for a handsome Prospectus, which will describe in detail for you the system by which The Heritage Club operates, and these books which are to be published in the next twelve months; and a list of books now available to Subscribing Members. A form is printed at the right. If you will fill this out and mail it *now*, a copy of the Prospectus will be sent to you. Then you can read it carefully, and decide whether *you* would like to have these beautiful, *beautiful* books each at less than the cost of an ordinary novel.

THE *Heritage Club*
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Request for the Prospectus

THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PLEASE SEND me a copy of the Prospectus in which are described the books which you intend to issue to the Subscribing Members in the coming months. I understand that you will reserve one of the remaining Memberships for me, until I can have had time in which to study this Prospectus and advise you whether I wish to have these books.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Acclaim for—

A book as vital to today's world as Spengler's *Decline of the West* was to the Twenties.

MAN STANDS ALONE

By JULIAN HUXLEY

Here is a book which is at once a great landmark of thought in a world entering a new era, a book which has received extraordinary praise on both sides of the Atlantic, and an adventure in ideas second to no other book in stimulation and excitement. In it one of the world's most eminent scientists portrays the fascinating world it is within the power of man to create.

■ "In this splendid book Huxley's mind roams over the width and breadth of human experience."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

■ "His book offers intellectual protection against the irrational assaults of current events."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*

■ "Delightful, stimulating...positively exhilarating. A book to expand one's horizons."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

■ "Very brilliant writing."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

■ "He is one of the most attractive of scientific writers, at once original in his quest of knowledge and popular in his appeal."—*News Chronicle, London*

■ "His volume makes fascinating reading. His place in contemporary letters must be judged high."—*Times, London*

■ "He is one of our greatest scientific writers."—*Spectator, London*

$2.75 • HARPER

letter-press printing does not cease to be practised, and practised for cultural rather than governmental reasons, we may witness a revival of the handcut punch only by which the finest results are to be obtained in type casting.

MUCH emphasis has been put in the past on the connection between the preparation of manuscripts and the printing of books, but since DeVinne wrote his "History of Printing" in the 1870's, an increasing interest has been taken in the mechanical derivation of the craft. The coiner of money and the goldsmith have had attention for their influence on the new art, and now it is suggested by Cyril Stanley Smith that the pewterer's craft may have had more influence on the invention of printing than is usually supposed. In translating for the first time into English an Italian treatise on fire—Biringucchio's "Pirotechnia," first printed at Venice in 1540—Mr. Smith came on a passage hitherto overlooked, which proves to be the earliest known description of type-casting. It antedates Plantin's account by twenty-seven years. Mr. Smith's translation of the portion of the Italian text dealing with type casting has been printed as a small quarto by the Columbiad Club of Connecticut, in a limited edition, embellished with a reproduction of the Italian title page border. The history of printing grows by such small accretions.

"IT'S dogged as does it," and Paul Bennett of the Typophiles has kept at his idea of a series of Chap Books until four of the diminutive volumes stand on the shelf, with more promised. The subject matter of these books is as varied as could be wished: "Songs for a Printer's Way Goose," with an introduction by Miss Granniss; "Harsh Words," an address with a title more menacing than the text warrants; by T. M. Cleland; "The Artist and the Fifteenth Century Printer," by W. M. Ivins, and now the latest, "On Conjugal Felicity," by T. M., reprinted, believe it or not, from the *Saturday Evening Post*—of 1834. Mr. Averill's illustration for "A Similarity of Disposition" would hardly make the *Post* then or now, but is worth the dollar the book costs.

TYPOLOGIA: STUDIES IN TYPE DESIGN AND TYPE MAKING. By Frederic W. Goudy. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press. 1940. $3 and $10.

WAD TO RR: A LETTER ABOUT DESIGNING TYPE. Cambridge: Dept. of Printing and Graphic Arts in Harvard College Library. 1940.

OF TYPE CASTING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Vannoccio Biringucchi. The Columbia Club. New York: Hastings House. 1941. $1.75.

TYPOPHILE CHAP BOOKS. Sold only by subscription for five volumes—in advance. New York: The Typophiles, care P. Bennett, 27 Ryerson St., Brooklyn.

New Dimensions

RIVER OF RUINS. By Louis J. Halle, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1941. 334 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

TWO young students of anthropology ventured along the Usumacinta River and three tributaries through the densest jungle of the North American continent—from the heart of Petén (Guatemala), the land of the *chicleros,* to old Chiapas (Mexica) and down to the open Gulf. They faced dangers and innumerable hardships, but Halle writes in an unpretentious fashion with charm, humor, and insight. In spite of the severe physical challenge, for him "the real adventure was an adventure in understanding" and the drama was "in the spectacle itself, in the exalted and eternal tragedy of what man has accomplished against nature, and nature against man."

The author's excellent knowledge of ornithology gives color to much of his description. Some of his passages on bird-life, in both style and content, match those of the peerless Hudson and can stand unabashed beside the brightest paragraphs of Thomas Bent in his classic on Nicaragua. However,

"It is all so exciting that one cannot stop reading, but the story has a rarer quality. It has charm . . . A new kind of war book, as simple and naive in style as a folk tale, laughable but touching."—*Atlantic Monthly* $2.50

Two Alone

By PHILLIP JARON with the assistance of HORACE STAFFORD

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"River of Ruins" does not have the painstaking exactitude or the economic and social understanding of that remarkable traveler, John L. Stephens (who covered even more of this region); the present book is written to inform and amuse in lighter vein.

Even so it would have been a grand thing if we could have had a check-up, exactly one hundred years later, on the things that Stephens saw thereabouts; and some of Halle's too-easy generalizations on society and the fate of empires might carry more weight were they based on the type of information Stephens ferreted out. To say, as does Halle, that the great civilizations have fallen chiefly because "men lost the struggle to possess their souls" is pure verbiage; and the faint Spenglerian and neo-Christian philosophizing that he tacks on to the end to give a *raison d'etre* for his expedition is unnecessary and callow. The record is quite good enough without it.

Even so, this book does not belong with the journalistic clap-trap that of late jams the runways into the flood of the good-neighbor policy; this is no hasty airplane flight of an Aikman or Whitaker. Halle has gone the hard way, the intimate way, has rubbed elbows with tree, bird, beast, and human. Some unforgettable pictures! Such is that of Don Juan Reynolds, a pathetic tale of surviving British Duty in a man gone native.

But the author should not sweepingly generalize about the material devastation wrought by civil war, merely because of a rotting motor boat once serviceable in the time of Porfirio Diaz, when he can now get Fords (that defy goat tracks) and airplane service from jungle towns where previously his harsh impatience to get home again would have been softened (only a few years ago) by the knowledge that he still would have weeks of mule-backing ahead of him. We regret also that he did not consult some of the findings of Dr. Franz Blom and his associates of Tulane University who have worked so indefatigably in parts of that region.

He is slightly greenhorn to believe that every Mexican with a big hat and a cartridge belt is a bandit, and the homicide figures for Mexican cities are in general lower than for places of the same size in the United States. We regret also to say that it was not Don Miguel, Mr. Halle's muleteer, who was obstinate and illogical; it is fairly obvious from the text (page 247) that the difficulty lay in a slight twist in Mr. Halle's Spanish. And we wonder (was it the malaria?) what led Mr. Halle gradually to abandon his spirit of easy acceptance and substitute a hard determination to get places on a set schedule, a process fatal to understanding soon reflected in Halle's heightening irritation in the closing pages. The tropics set themselves stubbornly and hermetically against such effort. Or perhaps Mr. Halle did not want to become another Reynolds.

But the author is frank, disarmingly human, and an excellent writer, and this wholly enjoyable book goes on the permanent shelf.

Carleton Beals is the author of numerous works on Central and South America.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 373)

ROBERT L. STEVENSON:
LAY MORALS

Look back now, for a moment, on your own brief experience of life. . . . The settled tenor which first strikes the eye is but the shadow of a delusion. . . . Will your own Past truly guide you in your own violent and unexpected Future?

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

"The population of New York City is now 7,692,437. Our own statistics show that one of these inhabitants holds the world's record in having 7,692,435 hairs on his head. With these figures in mind, can you be certain that there are at least two people in New York City, each of whom has exactly the same number of hairs on his head?"

THAT hairy brain-twister is one of 153 of the best puzzles that have ever been put together in one book. The book is *How To Torture Your Friends* and it is jampacked with the sort of mental problems that will make the assorted gray matter at any party turn blue with rage. Try it out on your mental-giant friends at your next gathering and see how quickly it cuts them down to your own size.

HOW TO TORTURE YOUR FRIENDS

by Peter Storme and Paul Stryfe

PRICE $1.35 · SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Sensation!

NOT in years has a book caused such a sensation in so many quarters as James Burnham's book about the rise of a new ruling class, "The Managerial Revolution."

Here's What Has Happened

- In the *New York Times* Ralph Thompson devoted his entire column on *two different days* to "The Managerial Revolution."
- Twice Harry Hansen in the *N. Y. World Telegram* and Quincy Howe on Station WQXR have commented on the book.
- *Time* devoted a page and a half to a detailed discussion of Burnham's book and its startling implications.
- John Chamberlain plans to follow his striking comment on the book in the June *Harpers* with another review in a later issue.
- Feature reviews have appeared in such widely divergent publications as *Modern Industry* on the one hand and *Common Sense*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic* on the other.

. . . and Here's What They Are Saying:

TIME: "Possibly the most sensational book since *The Revolution of Nihilism*. Tells Americans something they want desperately to know."

STUART CHASE: "One of the most stimulating books I have ever read."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN: "One of the most challenging books of the year . . . his book can be recommended in a paragraph; it cannot be criticized in less than fifteen hundred words."

PETER DRUCKER: "Highly provocative and worth-while. One of the best books on political and social trends." —*From a full-page review in The Saturday Review*

James Burnham's
THE
MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

$2.50 • THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

The Home in War

WOMEN OF BRITAIN. Letters from England, with running commentary by Beatrice Curtis Brown and an introduction by Jan Struther. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1941. 334 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

THERE have been several collections of war letters from Britain published here lately, so that perhaps the first question to ask about this one is whether it adds anything new to the picture of wartime life already presented. The answer is that while no new military facts are given, the bomb and the blackout, the ruins and the rations, remaining as before, a new light is shed on them because they are seen from a different angle. These are *women's* letters. Now the present war is, as Jan Struther says in her understanding introduction, a war in which "the top floor attic is the front line, and you are almost as likely to meet a war widower as a war widow"; that is to say, a war in which, for the first time in history, the women of a belligerent nation are in the same dangers as the men. The women's reactions to such a war are therefore especially valuable, for they are as yet unique in human experience.

The impression left by these letters is not, at first, that of a very wide range of writers, but on reflection one realizes that this is because the women, though belonging to diverse social groups, are all housewives. They are all writing of the Home in War.

And accordingly a truth emerges which Jan Struther stresses in her introduction, namely that the disruption of family life, the break-up of the home, is one of the sharpest ordeals which Britain is undergoing today. Here we find the young wife parted from her husband, the young mother billeted far from home with her infant child, the older mother who has to choose between leaving her husband or letting her children go to strange quarters alone. An aspect of this ordeal by separation which will interest Americans deeply is the reaction of these women to the agonizing problem of whether or not to send their children to safety over here. All reveal deep gratitude for the generosity of the offer, but most decline the invitation. It is good that their reasons for doing so should be made clear in this country, so I quote a couple now.

> We don't want the next generation to grow up to feel they can escape anything unpleasant by going away from it.
>
> We feel there will be so much to be learnt in England—even from the privations—for ourselves and for the children too. England is very exciting. . . . If our material standards go down, I think our values are becoming more real.

The other truth which emerges from these letters is the amazing courage and steadfastness of these British women. How they keep life on! Fourteen bombs may drop within two hundred yards of their home, they may have no windows and no water and no gas and even no house, but they still grow cabbages and clean curtains, make jam and attend to their children's teeth and winter coats. Yes, they keep the fabric of British life firm and strong and whole. One of them writes: "We (the English) can never be beaten by our own people as has been the fate of so many other countries." It is true; and these letters show one of the reasons why.

Phyllis Bentley, who for some years has been engaged in a series of novels with her native Yorkshire for background, has been in the women's first line of battle in her home town of Halifax. She is now in this country on a lecture tour.

This is the amazing parallel to the Hess flight that has made the headlines everywhere.

The Flying Visit

by

Peter Fleming

The amazing story of Adolf Hitler's solitary airplane descent upon England. "Genuinely funny and curiously illuminating."

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

devastatingly illustrated by Low

at all bookstores

$1.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY BRITAIN WILL SURVIVE

(*Continued from page 4*)

does not bring in its sequel new trade, better agriculture, and manufactures, but only games, fireworks and spectacle—no prosperity could support it; much less a nation decimated for conscripts and out of pocket. So he drudged for years on his military works at Lisbon, and from this base at last extended his gigantic lines to Waterloo.

A slow temperament makes them less rapid and ready than other countrymen, and has given occasion to the observation that English wit comes afterwards—which the French denote as "esprit d'escalier." This dullness makes their attachment to home and their adherence in all foreign countries to home habits. The Englishman who visits Mount Etna will carry his tea-kettle to the top. The old Italian author of the "Relation of England" says, "I have it on the best information that when a war is actually raging furiously, they will seek for good eating and all their comforts, without thinking what harm might befall them." Then their eyes seem to be set at the bottom of a tunnel, and they affirm the one small act they know, with the best faith in the world that nothing else exists.

The habit of brag runs through all classes, from the *Times,* the newspaper, through politicians, and poets, through Wordsworth, Carlyle, Mill, and Sydney Smith, down to the boys at Eton. In the gravest treatise on political economy, in a philosophical essay, in books of science, one is surprised by the most innocent exhibition of unflinching nationality. They tell you daily in London the story of the Frenchman and the Englishman who quarreled. Both were unwilling to fight, but their companions put them up to it; at last it was agreed that they should fight alone, in the dark, and with pistols. The candles were put out, and the Englishman, to make sure not to hit anybody, fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman!

They are good lovers, good haters, slow but obstinate admirers, and in all things very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep, which they enjoy. Their habits and instincts cleave to nature. They are of the earth, earthly; and of the sea, as the sea-kinds attached to it for what it yields them, and not from any sentiment. They are full of coarse strength, rude exercise, butcher's meat, and sound sleep; and suspect any poetic insinuation or any hint for the conduct of life which reflects on this animal existence, as if somebody were fumbling at the umbilical cord and might stop their supplies. Take them as they come, you shall find in the common people a surly indifference, sometimes gruffness and ill temper; and in minds of more power, magazines of inexhaustible war.

They are headstrong believers and defenders of their opinion, and not less resolute in maintaining their whims and perversities. Hesekiah Woodward wrote a book against the Lord's Prayer. And one can believe that Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy, having predicted from the stars the hour of his death, slipped the knot himself round his own neck, not to falsify his horoscope.

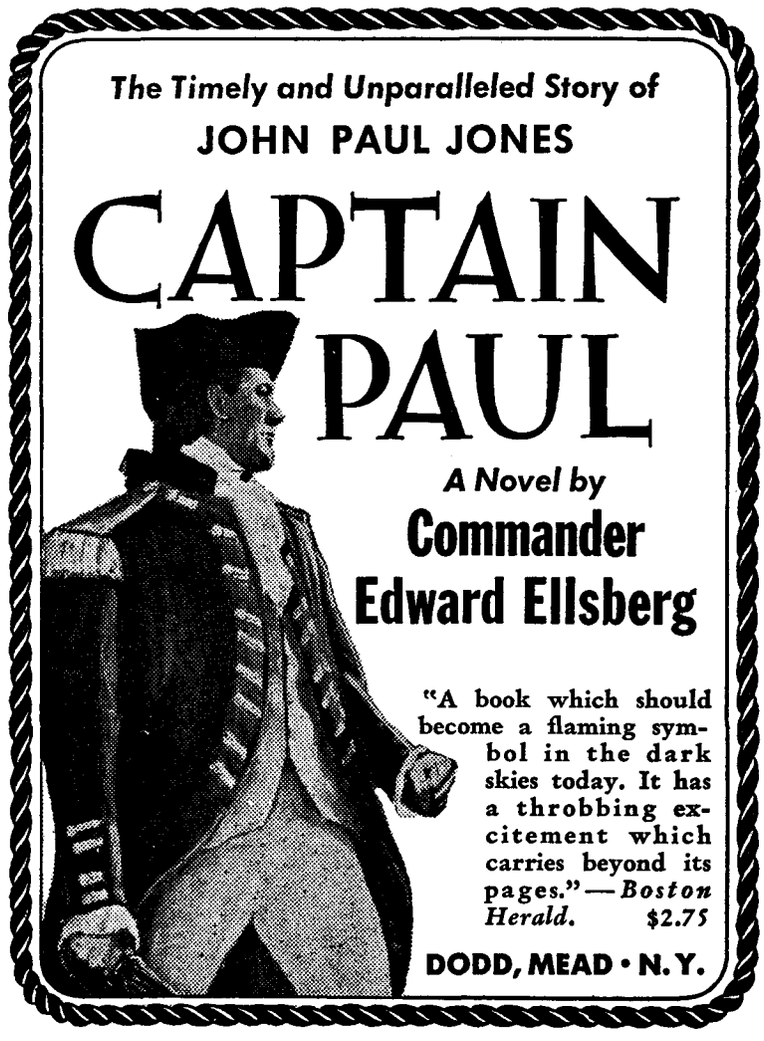
Their looks bespeak an invincible stoutness; they have extreme difficulty in running away, and will die game. Nelson said of his sailors: "They really mind shot no more than peas." Of absolute stoutness no nation has more or better examples. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service that has daylight and honor in it; but not, I think at enduring the rack, or any passive obedience, like jumping off a castle rock at the word of a czar.

Of that constitutional force which yields the supplies of the day, they have more than enough; the excess which creates courage or fortitude, genius in poetry, invention in mechanics, enterprise in trade, magnificence in wealth, splendor in ceremonies, petulance and projects in youth.

The national temper, in civil history, is not flashy or whiffling. The slow, deep English mass smoulders with fire, which at last sets all its borders in flames. The wrath of London is not French wrath, but has a long memory, and, in its hottest heat, a register and rule.

Half their strength they put not forth. They are capable of a sublime resolution, and if hereafter the war of races, often predicted, and making itself a war of opinions also (a question of despotism and liberty coming from Eastern Europe) should menace the English civilization, these sea-kings may take once again to their floating castles and find a new home and a second millennium of power in their colonies.

The stability of England is the security of the modern world.


The Timely and Unparalleled Story of
JOHN PAUL JONES
CAPTAIN PAUL
A Novel by
Commander Edward Ellsberg
"A book which should become a flaming symbol in the dark skies today. It has a throbbing excitement which carries beyond its pages."—Boston Herald. $2.75
DODD, MEAD • N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COURSES IN
MAGAZINE WRITING
FICTION • NON FICTION

PRACTICAL home study training for those who must work in spare time. The Magazine Institute, a private school owned and operated by successful editors and writers, offers practical, up-to-date training in story and article writing. You learn in your own home without loss of time from your regular work. Every assignment you send in is returned with detailed criticism.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME FOR EVERYONE INTERESTED IN A WRITING CAREER

Here's a chance to learn to write by *writing*. An experienced editor or writer takes you in hand, answering all your questions, helping you find the type of work for which you are naturally suited. Before long, you are writing in your own home fiction stories, essays, short sketches, whatever you are best fitted to do.

FREE BOOKLET

SEND THE COUPON TODAY for the free booklet which tells all about opportunities in magazine writing.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Dept. PL-5
50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your booklet without obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

(Inquiries confidential. No salesmen will call.)

COMING in the June 14th SRL, for vacationers and students of local history—a special section devoted to State Guide Books. The Writers' Projects have by now practically rolled-up and placed in books the 48 states of the Union. Watch for this informative issue.

THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

PUG. By Albert Idell. Greystone Press. 1941. 245 *pp.* $2.

Mr. Idell's book, a first novel, is a new contribution to the type of fiction which deals with professional sports. The chief protagonist of "Pug" is a handsome but singularly stupid blond boy named Whitey Phillips. While in highschool he dreams of becoming a world's champion. He trains faithfully at the Y.M.C.A., neglects everything in life but prize fighting, and even eschews ice cream sodas for fear that they will be bad for him. He wins the heavyweight championship in a national amateur tournament which is similar to the annual Golden Gloves affairs. An unscrupulous fight manager signs Whitey up. The manager—as is so frequently the case—treats Whitey as a mere piece of flesh, useful in making money—for the manager. He gets Whitey a few preliminary fights. Then the boy is matched out of his class with a tough and experienced old pugilistic war horse. Whitey is brutally beaten, almost murdered. Deserted by his manager, he is nursed by a waitress who has become fond of him. The girl loves him and tries to save him from the brutal fate which awaits a number of fighters. But Whitey has only one ambition. He goes on fighting, is freshly exploited by another manager, and ends up as a pathetic, punch drunk hulk who is finally shot as a strike-breaker.

The author's style is casual, laconic, and often too mannered. The novel is serious and realistic, and it contains sound social information about pugilism. However, it is not orginal in conception nor in characterizations. The most moving parts of the book are those which describe broken-down fighters who have been knocked silly. Whitey Phillips is a character on the order of Ring Lardner's famous champion, only he is not vicious. Rather, he is a pathetic and helpless fighting machine, a human being who is quickly exploited and tossed aside like so much scrap iron.

J. T. F.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE OR THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE. By Thomas Hardy. Illustrated by Clare Leighton. Macmillan. 1941. 236 *pp.* $3.50.

In a brief preface to later editions of this novel Hardy explained that he had originally intended the present sub-title as the title proper. This was fitting, for in making "The Mellstock Quire" the central theme of the piece, Hardy was able to give full play to that rich knowledge of country dialect and psychology which in much of his work appears too frequently as relief or background. Here the tragic implications of human behavior and Hardy's wonderful feeling for the dramatic symbolism of surrounding nature were neutralized, and, further, transformed into a gay and unsentimental "rural painting," as he called it. The tone, varied but consistent throughout the book, is one of a willing suspension of disbelief, which explains why "Under the Greenwood Tree" is the most generally readable of the Wessex stories.

Miss Leighton's wood engravings for this edition are delightful and expressive. They have that balance of the local and the universal which is a quality of the story itself. They make the book, and Hardy's Wessex, more living and significant than a mere literary tribute.

I. W. A.

MERCY ISLAND: A Story of the Florida Keys. By Theodore Pratt. Knopf. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

For anyone interested in getting away from it all (headlines or what-have you), Theodore Pratt's novel offers a welcome, if brief, substitute for peace in our time. Almost as refreshing as an actual vacation among the tropical Florida Keys, "Mercy Island" is far more exciting. There the brilliant sun burns down, torrential rains come, trade winds play, and life goes on as always, unaffected by the violent change being wrought in the world.

AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman

By F. O. MATTHIESSEN

A new book which places the works of five of our major writers—Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Melville—both in their own age and in ours by evaluating their views concerning the function and nature of literature, and the degree to which their practice bore out their theories. Illustrated $5.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In such a setting Pratt shipwrecks a fishing party of five interesting people. There are two native "Conchs": Captain Lowe and his one-boy crew, Wiccy Knowles, and the "strangers": Warren Ramsey, his attractive wife, Leslie, and Clayton Foster, the man who loved her. On the isolated isle they find Powell, a man of culture and suavity, with a background he will not discuss. Forced to live intimately together under the most primitive conditions, they soon lose their civilizing veneer. The Conchs and well-acclimated Powell accept the struggle against natural forces as a matter of course, but the others adapt themselves in varying degree. Mr. Pratt builds up his engrossing story to a tense climax. His local color is well developed and in particular his portrayal of the Conchs, those Anglo-Saxon descendants of Cockney London fisherfolk who migrated to the Keys via the Bahamas, is worthy of commendation.

S. K.

Miscellaneous

HOW TO BUY OR BUILD YOUR HOME WISELY. By John Roland K. Abercrombie. Macmillan. 1941. 150 *pp., with index.* $1.75.

A careful, competent, sober book doing precisely what the title says it does. It ought to save many a prospective home-owner any number of headaches for it points out pitfalls awaiting the buyer who does not take into consideration dozens of important factors. Step by step, Mr. Abercrombie discusses these factors with clarity and authority.

F. Y.

WALKING THE WHIRLWIND. By Brigid Knight. Crowell. 1941. 543 *pp.* $2.75.

Three generations of the spirited living that made South Africa are packed into this sprawling chronicle. It begins in 1808 when even remote Capetown is caught in the backwash of the Napoleonic wars. An austere and truculent Englishman marries the sole surviving descendant of a long line of Huguenot settlers. It is her farm not herself that he prizes. Out of it he builds Ashenden, the estate that to him, to his daughter, to one of her sons, is the primary motive for existence. Their devotion to Ashenden creates perpetual conflict. Breeding jealousy in their lovers, it disrupts the harmony of their marriages. It is in open opposition to the strenuosities of expansion necessary to the new colony. Some members of the family do not inherit this consuming love. They are the pioneers, the energists, out of whose efforts grows the commercial and political importance of the future Union of South Africa. The two strains, romantic in their different ways, each faithful to its own tenets, clash and resolve, win and lose, endure and compromise, throughout nearly a century of ardent life. The nation they fathered had its heritage from both; from one the ease and generosity of its society, from the other the wealth and productivity of its vast terrain.

This complicated saga is Mrs. Knight's first published novel. It is too long, too inclusive, too uneconomical both of character and incident. It has all the marks of the amateur: formless construction, loose writing, painful anachronisms. But it is far from dull. Its characters rise from its chaotic pages to live on in memory. They are real people, born of love and understanding. She has power and insight. Experience may make her an artist.

C. D. A.

THE WORLD OVER IN 1940. LIVING AGE 1941 ANNUAL. By Leon Bryce Bloch and Lamar Middleton. Living Age Press. 1941. 914 *pp.* $4.

To review a reference book is almost impossible. To say that it is valuable seems really superfluous to this reviewer who is fascinated by every kind of reference book. To criticize it is equally impossible, since no one can possibly check up on a thousand pages of references. The political survey which the *Living Age* has now published for the third year has become a standard source of facts. It does not only contain a day-by-day record of the past year's news, but also a country-by-country running narrative and commentary which in the briefest possible form gives all the essential facts. As far as this reviewer knows, this feature is unique, and judging from his own past experience, it is an important and a very worth while one.

P. F. D.

Poetry

FOR IN ME, NOW I SWEAR IT, LINCOLN SHALL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN. By Montgomery Hare. St. James, Long Island. 1940. 25c.

A small red pamphlet published by the author, containing a single poem in what he calls "plainsong," may be purchased for a quarter from the author at St. James, Long Island. It is worth possessing if only for the fine passage on pages eight and nine, beginning, "Now, oh give witness my performance!" The performance is indeed worth witnessing, even though the cadence bears memories both of MacLeish and Whitman, for Mr. Hare has a natural instinct for phrase and often commands a fine rhetoric. His poem is a moving affirmation of faith, a restorative in days when affirmations of the right kind are needed. Ever and again a new voice makes itself unobtrusively heard in a tentative beginning, and as it strengthens and takes on its own inalienable quality, we search back with aroused curiosity for those first intimations of strong song to come. This pamphlet may well be such an introduction.

W. R. B.

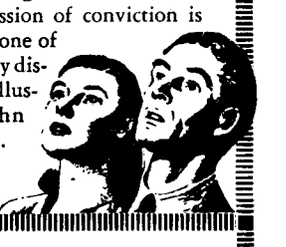
A vivid expression of the spirit that sustains England today

—If— Judgment Comes

A POEM BY

ALFRED NOYES

In this great poem addressing Hitler, one of our greatest poets gives voice to humanity's contempt for the Nazi tyrant. Coming when the civilized world is fighting for its life, this burning expression of conviction is destined to be one of our most widely discussed books. Illustrated by John Alan Maxwell.
$1.50



"The finest thing a woman ever wrote about a man."—TIME

The Road TO THE Temple

SUSAN GLASPELL

This, one of the world's great biographies—the story of George Cram Cook who chose Greece over all other countries to live and die in—was written by his wife, Susan Glaspell, in 1926. It is now republished with a new Foreword by the author, because, as she says: *"Events seem to have caught up with it. The past he loved has come into the living moment."* Here was a man who understood why the Greeks, even in defeat, could be victorious. $2.75

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO.
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WIND'S

OF the billion and one-half people that inhabit our globe there is perhaps only one person living today to whom the incredible Hess adventure came as no surprise: Peter Fleming, who proved that fiction, if not stranger than truth, is at least as strange. Just about a year ago, he wrote "The Flying Visit" (published by Scribners), the story of Hitler's strange flight to England. Hitler was obsessed by the idea that if he could only land in England alone, reach the proper persons, who in turn could reach the chiefs of the British Government, a peace of some sort could and would easily be negotiated. Substitute Hess for Hitler, and you practically have the entire story without any help from your radio or your newspaper.

☞The foreword of the book is most prophetic of all. We read:

As propaganda the enterprise had everything to recommend it. It was saucy, yet solemn. . . . There would be something awful and dramatic in the spectacle of the conqueror-to-be launching himself into the brood at 30,000 feet over the close-guarded heart of his enemy. . . . The impudence, too, of the project could not but have a powerful appeal, especially for the neutrals; it would probably tickle even the Americans. . . . Imagine also the reactions of the British. The incredulous denials, quickly discredited, of the Press; the foolish recriminations in Parliament, the Commission of Inquiry. . . . Imagine, too, the feelings of the British gunners and pilots when they looked back on that moonless night with its supremely exasperating lesson, learnt too late.

The flight is made and the descent with a parachute is successful. Hitler (Hess) lands somewhere in the South of England. Fleming echoes the suspicions almost all of us have harbored. His speculations are uncanny:

His mind worked lucidly. *What was his ultimate objective?*

To compass the downfall and destruction of England.

Could that be done in his present situation?

Yes; the more he thought about it, yes. If he could only get hold of Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Horace Wilson, or one of those, he would stand (he was sure) a fair chance of persuading them that he had come to England, risking everything, on a peace mission. . . .

If only there was someone he could trust, someone who would understand, someone (preferably) with influence. . . .

But there was!

. . . A strange glint, at once complacent and dynamic, was in his eyes.

He had remembered Lord Scunner.

The German leader eventually finds his way into a costume party and he is assumed to be one of the guests attired as the Fuehrer. After some extremely amusing experiences he is discovered and returned to Germany.

So there's the ending—the authentic Fleming ending and we are just waiting for the newspapers to confirm it.

★ ★

☞Speaking of spies and adventure Macmillan has just issued in a new edition, with supplementary material, Joseph Gollomb's "Armies of Spies." The book deals with espionage in Eu-

for those who like their puzzles neat!

SEE YOU AT THE MORGUE

by LAWRENCE C. BLOCHMAN

A BLOODHOUND MYSTERY

$2.00 DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE

BE SURE TO READ—

THE Turning Sword

BY SPENCER BAYNE

Follow Hendrik Van Kill in this exciting, authentic, literate thriller of murder and America's subversive "lunatic fringe."

$2.00 • HARPER

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER DOES LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING *Minna Bardon* (Phoenix: $2.)	Poison killer runs amok in apt. house. Four deaths and one error keep cops hopping.	Grand Guignol shocker with corpses in every room, thunder and lightning, and other gruesome stage effects.	Lurid
THE LAZY LAWRENCE MURDERS *Todd Downing* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wedding-bound Tex. politico gorily gashed on Mexican train acrawl with suspicious hombres. Sheriff Bounty clever selects most unlikely goat.	Plenty of action, good below-border background, surprising but logical pay-off—but plot goes too many directions at once.	Confusing
THE TURNING SWORD *Spencer Bayne* (Harpers: $2.)	Girl spy for N. Y. thrill-mag. chain owner bashed; double-crossing editor shot. H. Van Kill forces hand of subtle slayer.	Basically interesting and timely plot so befogged by details, characters and erudite tag-ends that, as sleuth says, "murder becomes monotonous."	Soporific
DRESSED TO KILL *Emma Lou Fetta* (Crime Club: $2.)	Beauty in ski-ing undies and velvet evening gown fatally bludgeoned in Pullman compartment. Fashion designer helps N. Y. cops to solution.	Extortion, malpractice and other subcellar crookedness brought to light in highly seasoned yarn of evil in Manhattan luxury professions.	Slithery
THE GARDEN CLUB MURDERS *Delia Van Deusen* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Poison and pruning-knife polish off two ladies of York State village horticultural set. State Police Sgt. barely prevents third death.	Adroitly worked out puzzle with green-eyed monster as basis of well tangled plot. Gets a bit gabby at times, though.	Agreeable
THE WALTZ OF DEATH *P. B. Maxon* (Mystery House: $2.)	Guest at pianistic soiree collapses during Brahms waltz. Gent named Krausemeyer also perishes. Scientific sleuth solves it.	Unique, 'though not entirely convincing, murder method main point of interest. Otherwise pretty wild and definitely woolly.	*Ganz mysterioso*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of references. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

You are one of THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. Meet the others at the Lyceum Theatre, West 45th Street. Evenings, 55c to $3.30. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 55c to $2.20.

WORLD FAMOUS SEA-SHELLS direct from Sanibel Island. Colorful. Artistic. 20 kinds. Dollar box. Box 428-E.

MUSIC CRAVED IN APPALACHIA—Have you a portable victrola for school programs in impoverished mountain district? Linda.

CULTURED GENTLEMAN, bored with modern civilization, desires correspondence with man or woman of similar mind. Box 432-E.

MEMORIAL DAY MADE MEMORABLE for Lazyboned Larrys and Spirited Sals. Sleeping and swimming, feasting and fishing. Record library and book stalls to complement the virtues of verandah and shady trees. Well-rolled tennis courts for professionals and amateurs. Box 139. The Woodlands, Phoenicia, New York. $14.50 for three days—$27.50 the week.

CHAMPAGNE AND BEER MIXED makes for good living. Champagne interiors designed and executed for young career people—male or/and female—with special attention to beer budget limitations. For appointment, anywhere from Boston to Philadelphia, write Box 207-E.

YOUNG GOVERNESS, tutor, companion, journalist, secretary wants summer employment. Successful experience. Phi Beta Kappa. Registered recommendations. Box 425-E.

SUBLET TILL OCTOBER FIRST—one-room penthouse, furnished; large terrace west and south. Broadway at 101st Street. ACademy 4-5669.

COUPLE WANTED, assist rural Jersey renovation—for weekend vittles. Box 424-E.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for long or short vacations. Excellent food. Separate cottages.

MAN DRIVING CALIFORNIA early June take one, share. References exchanged. Box 421-E.

FOR CHILDREN—3 to 12—Summer on ranch in New Mexico under trained child specialist. Small and picked group including some refugee children. Handicraft, folk dancing and garden work taught. Box 429-E.

CHARLEMAGNE'S READING DIET? Research problems solved. Typing Indexing. NORTH AMERICAN RESEARCH, 55 West 42nd, New York, CHickering 4-1968.

NEW HARBOR, MAINE, overlooking sea and coastal islands, seven-room house, four bedrooms, open porches, bath, electricity. Town, beach nearby. Picturesque harbor for artists, photographers, fishermen; woods to explore. Quiet for creative work. Season $325. Ream, Clarendon Place, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

LIBRARIAN, University of Chicago graduate with English major, writing experience, desires editorial work, preferably in Chicago. Box 426-E.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN would share cabin with same. Box 427-E.

SHABBY BUT SHERATON APARTMENT, furnished three rooms, bath, large kitchen. Glorious view of East River across Park. Three exposures. $60. Consider offer unfurnished. Phone Supt. Kuhr—REgent 7-3582.

(Continued on page 22)

rope and spying in this country and in South America. He tells of the "weepers" in France before her collapse, ostensibly mourning for relatives killed by enemy action, but actually paid by Nazi spies to "circulate throughout the country, wherever French crowds congregated . . . to parade the face of death, to undermine civilian morale." Much of the new material deals with the defeatist elements of our own country.

★ ★

☞Of local interest: We learn that J. B. Lippincott Company have acquired a controlling interest in the Frederick A. Stokes Company. This marks the second acquisition of a publishing house by Lippincott in recent months, Carrick and Evans being the first. We understand that Stokes will continue to publish under their own imprint. Brought together through this merger of two of the oldest publishing house in the country is a formidable array of distinguished writing talent.

★ ★

☞Duell, Sloan & Pearce have initiated a project that strikes us as one of the most promising publishing undertakings in recent years with their new series of books dealing with American regional culture. It will be called *American Folkways,* and will be edited by Erskine Caldwell. The present plan calls for four books a year "designed to reflect the living features, the atmosphere and background, of the various American regions." The first of the series is "Desert Country," by Edwin Corle, to be published May 22. Corle's book takes in the Great American Desert—from the ghost towns of Nevada to the Mexican Border, Death Valley, the Panamints, the Mojave and the Grand Canyon. The second of the series, due next month is "Pinon Country," by Haniel Long. ☞This publishing enterprise fits in splendidly with the F. & R. "American River" series.

Gorska-Hull

On the hundredth anniversary of the modern detective story, Van Wyck Mason pays a visit to the home of its great progenitor, Edgar Allan Poe, whose "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" was published in Graham's Magazine for April, 1841. Mr. Mason talks to Miss Eileen Poe, a descendant.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Two weeks' intensive summer study and criticism for writers

Sponsored by Middlebury College

August 18 - 31, 1941

AT BREAD LOAF INN, IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, VERMONT

Theodore Morrison, Director

Staff

Robert Frost, Poet
J. P. Marquand, Novelist
Louis Untermeyer, Poet, Anthologist
Bernard De Voto, Fiction Writer, Critic
John Gassner, Playreader, N. Y. Theatre Guild
Fletcher Pratt, Article, Pulp, Non-Fiction
Walter Prichard Eaton, Yale Drama School
William Carlos Williams, Poet, Novelist
Barbara Fleury, Writer of Juveniles
Philip H. Cohen, Radio Authority
Helen Everitt, Magazine Writer
Frances Curtis, Writer, Editor
Alan Collins, Literary Agent
Raymond Everitt, Publisher

Covering

NOVEL - SHORT STORY - VERSE - PLAYS - ARTICLES - RADIO SCRIPT - JUVENILES - PUBLICATION PROBLEMS

Classes of Membership

1) Contributors submit manuscript to staff for criticism.
2) Auditors are free to attend entire lecture and discussion program, but submit no manuscript.

All Inquiries

LANGUAGE SCHOOLS OFFICE
Middlebury College Middlebury, Vermont

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms, with shower—$4.00; with tub and shower $4.50 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

RECAPTURE the joys of yesterday. Black Walnuts, and Butternut Meats. Two pounds for $1.25. All one kind or assorted. Three Mountain Company, 25 West Broadway, New York.

ONCE ABOARD THE SCHOONER you are off for a vacation under sail. A week aboard a coasting schooner along the coast of Maine, $38.00; two weeks, $70.00. Capt. Frank Swift, Box R-57, Camden, Maine.

REFINED, educated young woman with varied interests seeks correspondence with young Catholic man. Box 422-E.

NEW MEXICO SUMMER. Altitude 4,500. Escape with a handful of Hedonists to the comfort and simplicity of MiCasa. Write Osborne Wood, La Luz, New Mexico.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City

FOR THE FISHERMAN AND HIS FOLK—Five home lakes and many streams. Excellent salmon, rainbow, brook and lake trout waters. Private cottages—main lodge—pleasing service. Experienced likeable guides, when desired. Illustrated folder. Opened April 30th. Splendid fishing. QUIMBY'S Cold Spring Club—Averill Northeastern, Vermont.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, 1½ room furnished apartment to rent for summer. 20 minutes to New York. Good bus service. Box 423-E.

If YOU'RE looking for a SUMMER COTTAGE wire us NOW COLLECT for details . . . Housekeeping or eat with us at the Inn . . . gorgeous views of White Mountains and Androscoggin Valley . . . Each in its own carefully-chosen setting . . . large and small . . . complete in every detail. Innumerable Relaxations and Exertions . . . WELL WORTH INVESTIGATING . . . WIRE COLLECT to Philbrook Farm Inn, Shelburne, N. H.

DEFEND your conversational tidbits with authentic facts from CURRENT BIOGRAPHY. Free copy from the H. W. Wilson Company, 950 University Avenue, New York.

SCARSDALE SUMMER RENTAL—Absolute quiet and seclusion for writer with small family. House and barn on wooded hilltop only twenty miles from New York. Low rental. Phone Gulick, WOrth 2-2995.

WANTED—from next November probably for several years, unfurnished room with bath in the East 60's. Complete independence and reasonable rent essential. Sun, quiet, and fireplace desirable. Write Miss Littell, 122 East 66th Street.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

DO YOU PREFER PEACE, quiet and rusticity to the usual summer uproar? If so, a very comfortable, completely furnished farm-house, strikingly situated in Vermont hills, near Arlington awaits you. Ten rooms, three baths, garage with extra rooms and bath, old barn with badminton court. View forty miles up valley, fields and woodlands, beautiful stream and miles of dirt roads. Rent includes care of garden by salty, trustworthy Vermont native. Rent really reasonable. Box 402-E.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the outdoors, a lovely 250-acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf! Outdoor Swimming Pool! Tennis! Nature Trails! For further details write. A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

SMALL INFORMAL GUEST RANCH NEAR TAOS. Mountains, canyons, desert. Saddle horses. Indian dances. Trout fishing. Hot Springs nearby. Pack trips a specialty. Helen L. Merriam, Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico.

SUMMER IN WHITE MOUNTAINS—sublet cool furnished apartment. Piano. Three rooms. Veranda facing mountains. Thelma Dickson, Berlin, New Hampshire.

PERSONALS

LISTEN, DAY DREAMER—Have you ever been an Indian princess or tribal chieftain? Have you danced in worship of the sun? Have you climbed, moccasin footed, lonely mountain passes and heard the wind tremble all the pines in a forest or seen the swiftness of an arrow? You may almost substitute the real for the dream by wearing a pair of Indian moccasins hand made by Idaho squaws just like the Indians have worn for generations. The beaded designs are primitive art created as the squaws work and the leather is soft and durable. Price, $5.95. Send measurements. Shoshoni Trading Post, Pocatello, Idaho.

VACATION AT SEAMEADOWS, Cousins Island, Maine. Century-old farmhouse beautifully situated on Casco Bay Island. Excellent table, comfortable spool beds, private bathing beaches, modern conveniences. Congenial guests. Moderate rates. Betty Gibson, 291 Commonwealth, Boston.

YOUNG PRINCETON GRADUATE will supplement magazine writing with MS reading, editing, rewriting. Box 390-E.

IN BACK WOODS, near Keene New Hampshire, comfortable furnished five-room house, brook and pool at door, $125. Long season. Box 430-E.

WASHINGTON, D. C., opposite Congressional Library, for summer rental, furnished apartment, 2 bedrooms, $65. per month. M. B. Smith, 132 Third Street, S.E.

HIGH ON A HILL TOP in the beautiful Lakes Region of New Hampshire . . . miles of mountain ranges before you, the Lake at your feet . . . lies Birchmont, the answer to your vacation quest. Eighty acres to roam, every sport to enjoy, a cabin and fireside of your own, exceptional food in the New England tradition—here is every comfort and facility for a week or a summer of relaxation and inspiration. Rates from $26.50 weekly. Restricted Clientele. For Booklet Address: Russell G. Hemenway, Box 21, Birchmont, East Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, old New England farmhouse by the sea. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a log fire; no radio. Rates—$20 a week.

FUN FOR ALL AGES at our White Mountain guest farm. All sports. Delightful location. Restricted. Booklet. WHITNEY'S IN JACKSON, N. H., Box 1.

THE INN, GOTTS ISLAND. Spruce woods and meadows. Ocean and bay. Home-grown vegetables and seafood. Address Mrs. E. M. Holmes, Gotts Island, R.F.D. McKinley, Maine.

SUBLET—June to September, furnished two-room apartment. Roof garden overlooking bay. Brooklyn Heights. TRiangle 5-2674.

AT SHATTUCK INN nestled neath Monadnock Mountain . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals, complete relaxation fill vacation days with contentment. Selected clientele. For Booklet write G. L. Austermann, Jaffrey, N. H.

COOL, COMFORTABLE, completely furnished small house on estate five minutes from Tarrytown station. June to September. Exceptional. Box 433-E.

LANE'S ISLAND—Overlooking ocean and Penobscot Bay's beautiful islands. Quiet. Seaside recreations. Rockaway Inn, Vinalhaven, Maine.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US." . . . Does the daily jangle get on your nerves? Get away to the peace of the sea! Relax on our panoramic Ocean Deck amidst salt air and sunshine. Take things easy for awhile, while others wait on you! Luxury without ostentation. A distinguished environment. Excellent library. And by the way—by the sea's a good place to write that book! Restricted clientele. For color folder, address Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

A PLEASANT HAVEN with unpretentious comfort. Trees, flowers and a brook beside an old stone house. Vacation reservations now. Bachelor dormitory. The Farm on the Hill, Box 221, Stone Ridge, New York.

IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL. No box tops, reasonable facsimiles—only 10 cents per word and a Personal is yours. Correspondence exchanged—real estate bought and sold—plump puddings eaten. Anything. Yrs for Plumber Personals.—Ye Ed.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

BOOKPLATES

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, great variety. Sample album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue, 20c.

AMERICANA

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Glendale, California. Especially West, Far West and Southwest America. Catalogs on request.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

UNUSUAL wants promptly supplied. Catalogs. CHARTEROCK, Roseland, New Jersey.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

"ASK SHARAN." He has them. BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 90 Years of Back Number. SHARAN'S, 111 W. 17th Street, New York City.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES 1888-1941, Reader's Digest, Antiques, SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS, Buxbaum, Box 327, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

BARGAINS

FREE BARGAIN CATALOGUE, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, 35 West 36th Street, New York.

THE BOOKS people talk about—full of vitamins for run-down intellects. The books you want to read, meant to read and should have read—at bargain prices. Send for catalogue. Bargain Books, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

SENSATIONAL BOOK VALUES! Lynn Ward's "Mad Man's Drum"; "Wild Pilgrimage"; "Vertigo." Original, brand new $3.00 editions. My price $1.00 each. Bargain Book Co., 25 West 45th St.

RARE BOOKS

MANNADOS BOOKSHOP, 19 East 49th Street, New York. First editions. Fine etchings. Catalogues issued.

LETTER to the SRL's advertising department:

"I should like you to run an ad announcing a printed catalogue, 48 pages, listing over three hundred seventy items, every one of which will transform a commonplace collector into a Robert Hoe, a J. L. Clawson, a Henry Huntington, a J. P. Morgan. The catalogue is full of irony and pity, hope and despair, passion and pain; it is full of autograph manuscripts, rare first editions and all else that a bookseller can offer to a collector dreaming of a . . . you fill in the spaces. Compose a dithyramb and send me your composition and I will approve, if you are sufficiently dithyrambic or deny, if you are not."

We are not dithyrambic; the reader doesn't have to be either. Let him write the simple sentence "I want the catalog," and we are sure Ben Abramson, of the ARGUS BOOK SHOP, 16 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will send it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 22 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, at 51st Street, New York City.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS typed flawlessly. Books, Radio, etc. Elsie Augenblick, 342 Madison. VAnderbilt 6-0492. Day-Night Service.

FINE BOOKS

—A Worthwhile Heritage—

AT LOW PRICES

THE AMERICAN SONGBAG—*Carl Sandburg.* Words and music of 280 real American songs to sing and play. Ballads, hobo songs, spirituals, steamboat, railroad and lumberjack songs, close harmony ditties, colonial songs, love songs, etc., etc., 7½ x 10½. Originally $7.50— **$1.98**

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—Edward Gibbon. Complete in 2 volumes. One of the immortal works of all time, considered by many the greatest achievement of human thought and erudition in the department of history; it is a fascinating history of the civilized world for the thirteen centuries between the Ancient and Modern Eras. The 2 volume set. **NOW $2.50**

WILD FLOWERS—*Homer D. House.* 364 color photographs, many other illustrations. A big, and beautiful volume showing in full natural color 364 American wild flowers, with authoritative descriptions, details of structure, etc., making possible the easy identification of wild flowers in all parts of the country. 9 x 11½. 626 pages. Originally $7.50— **$3.95**

MEN OF ART—*Thomas Craven.* 32 full page illustrations. The widely-known and often quoted book on the great masters in art, their lives, their times, their achievements. Originally $3.75— **$1.98**

GARDENING: A COMPLETE GUIDE—*Montague Free.* 200 illustrations. An outstanding modern garden guide. Practical and complete information on every phase and feature of gardening. Covers trees and shrubs, fruits and vegetables, flowers, lawns, vines, hedges, bulbs, greenhouses, etc., etc. 350 pages. **NOW $2.95**

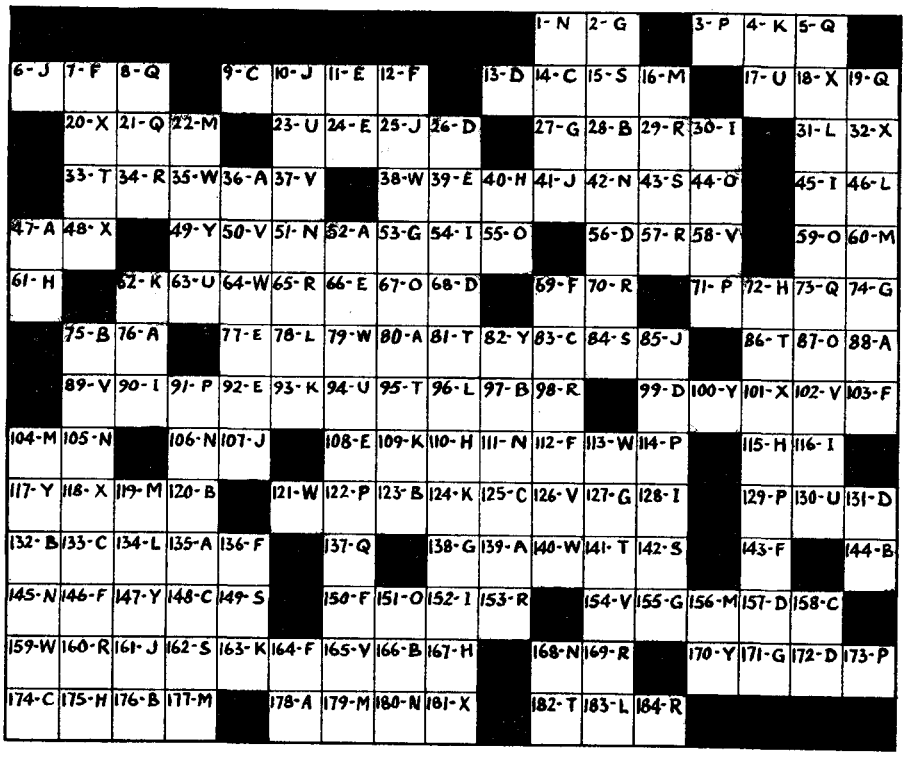
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS. The stimulating, fascinating and absorbing life story of America's greatest reporter, one of the important books of our time that is destined to be a classic. Originally $7.50— **$1.89**

BARGAIN BOOK CO.

25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Double-Crostics: No. 374

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Flowering again (of roses, a second bloom).
B. Authoritative determination.
C. Character in *The Taming of the Shrew.*
D. In mingled confusion or heedless haste (comp.)
E. Flagrant, odious.
F. Very large Australian pigeon (comp.)
G. Ancient people northeast of Babylonia.
H. Litotes (rhet.)
I. Puff out.
J. Tell rapidly or fluently (2 wds.)
K. Hero of a Saint-Saëns opera (Bib.)
L. Oracular; entrancing.
M. Sister of Isis; goddess of the Dead (Egypt.)
N. Flying at liberty (comp.)
O. Mount of Titans vs. Olympians.
P. Disavow; withdraw an accusation.
Q. Watchdog of the Seven Sleepers (Moham.)
R. One's own exertion (comp.)
S. Powerful evil genius (Arabian).
T. Large antelope (*boselaphus tragocamelus*).
U. Star in *Cygnus* (Arided).
V. Condition of deteriorated mentality.
W. Class of frog Vertibrates.
X. Trivalent metallic element, not yet isolated.
Y. Lessen in severity; enervate.

WORDS

80 76 139 135 36 178 47 52 88
97 123 75 28 176 166 132 144 120
9 83 148 158 174 133 14 125
26 68 13 157 99 172 131 56
92 24 108 11 39 66 77
150 69 136 12 143 164 7 103 112 146
2 27 127 155 53 171 74 138
40 61 72 115 110 175 167
30 54 116 128 152 45 90
161 25 41 85 10 6 107
124 93 62 4 163 109
31 183 78 46 134 96
119 16 156 60 104 179 177 22
1 111 42 51 145 106 168 105 180
87 59 151 67 55 44
129 122 71 173 3 91 114
5 8 137 19 21 73
65 184 98 29 57 169 70 160 34 153
84 15 162 142 149 43
86 95 141 33 182 81
23 130 94 63 17
37 102 89 165 126 58 50 154
64 38 121 113 79 159 140 35
181 20 48 32 118 18 101
49 100 117 82 170 147

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

America is rediscovering the great books of all time!

Invitation to Learning

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GREAT BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Based on the Columbia Broadcasting System's radio program

By HUNTINGTON CAIRNS, ALLEN TATE and MARK VAN DOREN

➡ A clear, concise, and inspiring discussion of twenty-seven of the greatest books of all times—why they have endured, and why, for generations to come, they will influence mankind.

THE SUBJECTS COVERED:

Philosophy, Autobiography, Criticism, History, Drama, Religion, Fiction, Science, Poetry, Politics, Ethics.

431 PAGES, INDEXED, $3.00

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

THE 27 BOOKS

Plato, *Symposium*
Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*
Machiavelli, *The Prince*
Aristotle, *Ethics*
Coleridge, *Literary Biographies*
Pascal, *Pensées*
Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*
Defoe, *Moll Flanders*
Tolstoy, *War and Peace*
Proust, *Swann's Way*
Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*
Aristotle, *Poetics*
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*
Lessing, *Laocoon*
Rousseau, *Confessions*
Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*
Aristotle, *Politics*
Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things*
Montaigne, *Essays*
Dante, *The Divine Comedy*
Milton, *Paradise Lost*
The Holy Bible, *Book of Job*
Mill, *Autobiography*
Leonardo da Vinci, *Notebooks*
Tacitus, *History*
Gibbon, *Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire*
Hegel, *Philosophy of History*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED